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SELECT EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

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SELECT EPIGRAMS
FROM THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

TRANSLATED BY

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New Impression

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1913

PREFACE

THIS volume contains the English translation of the five hundred short poems included in the larger work, *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology, edited with revised text, translation, introduction, and notes by J. W. Mackail*, as revised and re-published in 1906. It is a companion volume to the Greek text of those poems which has already appeared in the same series. Like that other volume, it may be found acceptable to students of Greek literature and to lovers of poetry who do not possess or do not care to carry about the bulkier and costlier book. It may also, for readers who do not know Greek, help to give some idea of what Greek is like; and for these it may not be superfluous to explain very briefly the nature of the contents, a detailed account of which is given in the Introduction to the larger edition.

These five hundred pieces, which are arranged according to their subject in twelve sections, are the

fine flower of an immense body of between six and seven thousand, known as the Greek Anthology. About four thousand of them have been preserved in two collections made at Constantinople in the tenth and the fourteenth century, and the remainder have been brought together from literary and inscriptional sources by more modern scholars. The earliest of them date from 700 B.C., and they extend from that time almost continuously down to 1000 A.D. Throughout all that period they present little or no change in language or versification.

A form of poetry which remained alive for seventeen centuries is unique in literary history, and bears striking testimony to the extraordinary vitality of the Greek genius. That vitality is not yet exhausted; it is still an influence over modern life, art, and thought. This selection of Greek minor poetry draws for us a picture of Greece in little; it is an epitome, slightly sketched with a facile hand, of the book of Greek life. A translation, notwithstanding its limitations and its necessary inadequacy, may give to English readers much of the substance, and something even of the tone and flavour, of the original.

J. W. M.

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THE GARLAND OF MELEAGER

Dear Muse, for whom bringest thou this gardenful of song, or who is he that fashioned the garland of poets? Meleager made it, and wrought out this gift as a remembrance for noble Diocles, inweaving many lilies of Anyte, and many martagons of Moero, and of Sappho little, but all roses, and the narcissus of choral Melanippides budding into hymns, and the fresh shoot of the vine-blossom of Simonides; twining to mingle therewith the spice-scented flowering iris of Nossis, on whose tablets Love melted the wax, and with her, marjoram from sweet-breathing Rhianus, and the delicious maiden-fleshed crocus of Erinna, and the hyacinth of Alcaeus, vocal among the poets, and the dark-leaved laurel-spray of Samius, and withal the rich ivy-clusters of Leonidas, and the tresses of Mnasalcas' sharp pine; and he plucked the spreading plane of the song of Pamphilus, woven together with the walnut shoots of Pancrates and the fair-foliaged white poplar of Tymnes, and the green mint of Nicias, and the horn-poppy of Euphemus growing on the sands; and with these Damagetus, a dark violet, and the sweet myrtle-berry of Callimachus, ever full of pungent honey, and the rose-campion of Euphorion, and the spice-plant of the Muses, him who had his surname from the Dioscori: and with them he inwove Hegesippus, a riotous grape-cluster, and mowed down

the scented rush of Perses; and withal the quince from the branches of Diotimus, and the first pomegranate flowers of Menecrates, and the myrrh-twigs of Nicaenetus, and the terebinth of Phaennus, and the tall wild pear of Simmias, and among them also parsley from the blameless meadow of Parthenis, plucking apart its small flowers, and fruitful remnants from the honey-dropping Muses, yellow ears from the corn-blade of Bacchylides; and withal Anacreon, both that sweet song of his and his nectarous elegies, unsown honeysuckle; and withal the thorn-blossom of Archilochus from a tangled brake, bitter drops from the ocean; and with them the young olive-shoots of Alexander, and the crimson water-lily of Polycleitus; and among them he laid amaracus, Polystratus the flower of singers, and the young Phoenician cypress of Antipater, and also set therein spiked Syrian nard, the poet who sang of himself as Hermes' gift; and withal Posidippus and Hedylus together, wild blossoms of the cornfield, and the blowing windflowers of the son of Sicelides; yea, and set therein the golden bough of the ever divine Plato, that shines everywhere by its virtue, and beside him Aratus the knower of the stars, cutting the first-born spires of that heaven-high palm, and the fair-tressed lotus of Chaeremon mixed with the gilliflower of Phaedimus, and the woven daisies of Antagoras, and the wine-loving fresh-blown wild thyme of Theodorides, and the corn-flowers of Phanias, and many newly-scriptured shoots of others; and with them also even from his own Muse some early white violets. Now to my friends I bring this gift; but the sweet-worded garland of the Muses is common to all initiate.

I

LOVE

I

PRELUDE

POSIDIPPUS

Jar of Athens, drip the dewy wetness of the Wine-God, drip in dew over the feast to which all bring their share; be silenced the swan, sage Zeno, and the Muse of Cleanthes, and let our concern be bitter-sweet Love.

II

LAUS VENERIS

ASCLEPIADES

Sweet is snow in summer for one athirst to drink, and sweet for sailors after winter to see the Crown of spring; but most sweet when one cloak hides two lovers, and the praise of Love is told by both.

III

LOVE'S SWEETNESS

NOSSIS

Nothing is sweeter than love, and all delicious things are second to it; yes, even honey I spit out

of my mouth. Thus saith Nossis; and he whom the Cyprian loves not, knows not what roses her flowers are.

IV

LOVE AND THE SCHOLAR

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Once when turning over the Book of Hesiod in my hands, suddenly I saw Pyrrha approaching; and casting the book to the ground from my hand, I cried out, Why bring your works to me, old Hesiod?

V

THE FIRST KISS

STRATO

At evening, at the hour when we say good-night, Moeris kissed me, I know not whether really or in a dream; for very clearly I now have the rest in mind, all she said to me, and all that she asked me of; but whether she has kissed me too, I am still to seek; for if it is true, how, once thus rapt to heaven, do I go to and fro upon earth?

VI

THE REVELLER

MELEAGER

Let the die be thrown; light up! I will on my way; aye, courage!—Heavy with wine, what is your purpose?—I will revel.—I will revel? whither will you, O heart?—And what is Reason to Love? light

up, quick!—But where is your old study of philosophy?—Away with the long toil of wisdom; this one thing only I know, that Love abated even the pride of Zeus.

VII

LOVE AND WINE

RUFINUS

I am armed against Love with a breastplate of Reason, neither shall he conquer me, one against one; yes, I a mortal will contend with him the immortal: but if he have Bacchus to second him, what can I do alone against the two?

VIII

LOVE IN THE STORM

ASCLEPIADES

Snow, hail, darken, blaze, thunder, shake forth all thy glooming clouds upon the earth; for if thou slay me, then will I cease, but while thou leavest me alive, though in worse plight than this, I will revel. For the God draws me who is thy master too, at whose persuasion, Zeus, thou didst once pierce in gold to that brazen bridal-chamber.

IX

A KISS WITHIN THE CUP

AGATHIAS

I am no wine-bibber; but if you will make me drunk, taste first and bring it me, and I take it. For

if you shall touch it with your lips, no longer is it easy to keep sober or to escape the sweet cup-bearer; for the cup carries me the kiss from you, and tells me of the favour that it had.

X

LOVE'S MARTYR

MELEAGER

Evermore in mine ears eddies the sound of Love, and mine eye carries the silent sweetness of a tear to the Desires; neither does night nor light let me rest, but already my enchanted heart bears the well-known imprint. Ah, winged Loves, why do you ever know how to fly towards me, but have no whit of strength to fly away?

XI

LOVE'S DRINK

MELEAGER

The cup is sweetly glad, and says that it touches the voiceful mouth of love's darling, Zenophile. Happy! would that now, bringing up her lips to my lips, she would drink at one draught the very soul in me.

XII

LOVE THE RUNAWAY

MELEAGER

I make hue and cry after wild Love; for now, even now in the morning dusk, he flew away from his bed

and was gone. This boy is full of sweet tears, ever talking, swift, unabashed, sly-laughing, winged on the back, girt with a quiver. But whose son he is I cannot say, for Heaven denies having borne this ruffler, and Earth and Sea deny. Everywhere and by all is he hated; now look you to it lest haply even now he is laying more springes for souls. Yet—there he is, see! about his lurking-place; I espy thee, O archer, ambushed in Zenophile's eyes.

XIII

LOVE'S SYMPATHY

CALLIMACHUS

Our friend was wounded and we knew it not; how bitter a sigh, mark you? he drew from the depth of his breast. Lo, 'twas the third cup he was drinking, and his garlands scattered their petals, and all the roses were shed on the ground. He is deep in the fire, surely; no, by the gods, I guess not at random; a thief myself, I know a thief's footprints.

XIV

THE MAD LOVER

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

A man wounded by a rabid dog's venom sees, they say, the beast's image in all waters. Surely mad Love has fixed his bitter fang in me, and made my soul the prey of his frenzies; for both the sea and the eddies of rivers and the wine-carrying cup show me thy image, beloved.

TO THE WORLD'S END

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Even if thou wilt plant thy foot far away beyond Meroë, winged Love carries me thither with the might of wings: even if thou wilt pass into the East to the Dawn whose hue is thine, afoot over immeasurable leagues I will follow.

XVI

LOVE'S GARLAND

MELEAGER

I will twine the white violet and I will twine the delicate narcissus with myrtle buds, and I will twine laughing lilies, and I will twine the sweet crocus, and I will twine therewithal the crimson hyacinth, and I will twine lovers' roses, that on balsam-curled Heliodora's temples my garland may shed its petals over the lovelocks of her hair.

XVII

LOVER'S FRIGHT

MELEAGER

She has been snatched away! What savage could do so cruel a deed? Who so bold as to raise battle against very Love? Light torches, quick! and yet—a footfall; Heliodora's; go back into my breast, O my heart.

XVIII

LOVE IN SPRING

MELEAGER

Now the white violet blooms, and blooms the moist narcissus, and bloom the mountain-ranging lilies; and now, dear to her lovers, spring flower among the flowers, Zenophile, the sweet rose of Persuasion, has burst into bloom. Meadows, why idly laugh in the brightness of your tresses? for my girl is better than garlands sweet to smell.

XIX

A FLOWER AMONG THE FLOWERS

MELEAGER

The garland withers round Heliodora's head; but she shines out, the garland of the garland.

XX

PARTING AT DAWN

MELEAGER

Farewell, Morning Star, herald of dawn, and quickly come as the Evening Star, bringing again in secret her whom thou takest away.

XXI

DEARER THAN DAY

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

'Farewell,' I would say to you; and again I check my voice and rein it backward, and again I stay

beside you; for I shrink from the terrible separation from you as from the bitter night of Acheron; for the light of you is like the day. Yet that, I think, is voiceless, but you bring me also the murmuring talk of that voice sweeter than the Sirens', whereon all my soul's hopes are hung.

XXII

THE MORNING STAR

MACEDONIUS

Morning Star, do not violence to Love, neither learn, neighbour as thou art to Mars, to have a heart that pities not; but as once before, seeing Phaethon in Clymene's chamber, thou heldest not on thy fleet-foot course from the East, even so on the skirts of night, the night that so hardly has lightened on my desire, come lingering as among the Cimmerians.

XXIII

AT COCKCROWING

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Grey dawn is over, Chrysilla, and ere now the morning cock clarioning leads on the envious Lady of Morn. Ill betide thee, most envious of birds, who drivest me from my home to the chattering crowd of men. Thou growest old, Tithonus; else why dost thou chase Dawn thy bedfellow out of her couch while yet morning is so young?

XXIV

DAWN'S HASTE

MELEAGER

Grey dawn, hater of lovers, why risest thou so swift round my bed, where but now I nestled close to darling Demo? Would God thou wouldst turn thy fleet course backward and be evening, thou shedder of the sweet light that is so bitter on me. For once before, for Zeus and his Alcmena, thou wentest contrary; thou art not unlessoned in running backward.

XXV

DAWN'S DELAY

MELEAGER

Grey dawn, hater of lovers, why rollest thou now so slow round the world, since another is shrouded and warm by Demo? but when I held her delicate form to my breast, swift thou wert upon us, shedding on me a malicious light.

XXVI

WAITING

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Cleophantis lingers long; the third lamp now begins to give a broken glimmer as it silently wastes away. And would that the firebrand in my heart too were quenched with the lamp, and did not burn

me long in wakeful desires. Ah how often she swore by the Cytherean that she would be here at evenfall; but she recks not of either men or gods.

XXVII

WAITING IN VAIN

ASCLEPIADES

Nico the renowned consented to come to me at nightfall and swore by the holy Lady of Laws; and she is not come, and the watch has gone by; did she mean to forwear herself? Servants, put out the lamp.

XXVIII

THE SCORNED LOVER

ASCLEPIADES

O Night, thee and none other I take to witness, how Nico's Pythias flouts me, traitress as she is; asked, not unasked am I come; may she yet blame thee in the selfsame plight standing by my porch!

XXIX

SLEEPLESS NIGHT

AGATHIAS

All night long I sigh; and when grey dawn rises and grants me grace to sleep for a little, the swallows

cry around and about me, and drive me back to tears, thrusting sweet slumber away; and my swollen eyes keep vigil, and the thought of Rhodanthe returns again in my bosom. O envious chatterers, be still; it was not I who shore away Philomela's tongue; weep for Itylus on the mountains, and sit wailing by the hoopoe's rocky tent, that we may sleep a little; and perchance a dream will come and clasp me round with Rhodanthe's arms.

XXX

THE LOVE LETTER

RUFINUS

Rufinus to Elpis, my most sweet, greeting; well be with thee, if thou canst be well away from me. No longer can I bear, no, by thine eyes, my solitary and unmated severance from thee, but evermore dabbled with tears I go to Coressus or to the temple of the great Artemis; but to-morrow my home shall receive me, and I will fly to thy face. Fare well ten thousand times.

XXXI

LOVE AND REASON

PHILODEMUS

My soul forewarns me to flee the desire of Heliodora, knowing well the tears and jealousies of old. She talks; but I have no strength to flee, for, shame-

less that she is, she forewarns, and while she forewarns, she loves

XXXII

ODI ET AMO

MELEAGER

Take this message, Dorcas; lo again a second and a third time, Dorcas, take her all my message; run; delay no longer; fly. Wait a little, Dorcas, prithee a little; Dorcas, whither so fast before learning all I would say? And add to what I have just said—or rather—I am a fool; say nothing at all—only that—say everything; spare not to say everything. Yet why do I send you out, Dorcas, when myself, see, I go forth with you?

XXXIII

LOOKING AND LIKING

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Eyes, how long are you draining the nectar of the Loves, rash drinkers of the strong unmixed wine of beauty? let us run far away, far as we have strength to go, and in calm I will pour sober offerings to Cypris the Placable. But if haply even there I am caught by the frenzy, be you wet with chill tears and doomed for ever to bear deserved pain; since from you, alas! it was that we fell into all this labour of fire.

XXXIV

FORGET-ME-NOT

AGATHIAS

Dost thou then also, Philinna, carry longing in thee, dost thou thyself also sicken and waste away with tearless eyes? or is thy sleep most sweet to thee, while of our care thou makest neither count nor reckoning? Thou wilt find thy fate likewise, and thy haughty cheek I shall see wetted with fast-falling tears. For the Cyprian in all else is malign, but one virtue is imparted her, hate of proud beauties.

XXXV

AMANTIUM IRAE

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

At evening Galatea slammed-to the doors in my face, flinging at me a speech of scorn. 'Scorn breaks love'; idly errs this byword; her scorn inflames my love-madness the more. For I swore I would stay a year away from her; out and alas! but with break of day I went to sue her favour.

XXXVI

INCONSTANCY

MACEDONIUS

Constantia, inconstant one! I heard the name and thought it beautiful, but thou art to me more

XLIII

SLAYER AND HEALER

MACEDONIUS

I have a wound of love, and from my wound flows ichor of tears, and the gash is never stanched; for I am at my wits' end for misery, and no Machaon sprinkles soothing drugs on me in my need. I am Telephus, O maiden; be thou my true Achilles; with thy beauty allay the longing as thou didst kindle it.

XLIV

PERFUME ON THE VIOLET

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I send thee sweet perfume, giving grace to the perfume, not to thee; for thyself thou canst perfume even the perfume.

XLV

LOVE THE GAMBLER

MELEAGER

Still in his mother's lap, a child playing with dice in the morning, Love played my life away.

XLVI

DRIFTING

MELEAGER

Bitter wave of Love, and restless gusty Jealousies and wintry sea of revellings, whither am I borne?

and the rudders of my spirit are quite cast loose; shall we sight delicate Scylla once again?

XLVII

LOVE'S RELAPSES

MELEAGER

Soul that weepest sore, how is Love's wound that was allayed in thee inflaming again in thy bosom! nay, nay, for God's sake, nay for God's sake, O infatuate, stir not the fire that flickers low among the ashes. For soon, O oblivious of thy pains, so sure as Love catches thee in flight again, he will torture his found runaway.

XLVIII

LOVE THE BALL-PLAYER

MELEAGER

The Love I keep is a ball-player, and throws to thee, Heliodora, the heart that throbs in me. Come then, take thou Love-longing for his playmate; but if thou cast me away from thee, I will not bear the wanton false play.

XLIX

LOVE'S ARROWS

MELEAGER

Nay by Demo's tresses, nay by Heliodora's sandal, any by Timarion's scent-dripping doorway, nay by great-eyed Anticleia's dainty smile, nay by Dorothea's

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fresh-blossomed garlands, no longer, Love, does thy quiver hide its bitter-winged arrows, for thy shafts are all fixed in me.

L

LOVE'S EXCESS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Take thy war-shafts, O Cypris, and go at thy leisure to some other target; for I have not even space left for a wound.

LI

MOTH AND CANDLE

MELEAGER

If thou scorch so often the soul that flutters round thee, O Love, she will flee away from thee; she too, O cruel, has wings.

LII

LOVE AT AUCTION

MELEAGER

Let him be sold, even while he yet sleeps on his mother's bosom, let him be sold; why should I have the rearing of this impudent thing? For it is snub-nosed and winged, and scratches with its nail-tips, and weeping laughs often between; and furthermore is unabashed, ever-talking, sharp-glancing, wild and not gentle even to its very own mother, every way a monster; so it shall be sold; if any outward-bound merchant will buy a boy, let him come hither. And

yet he beseeches, see, all in tears. I sell thee no more; be comforted; stay here and live with Zenophile.

LIII

INTER MINORA SIDERA

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Pour ten cups for Lysidice, and for beloved Euphrante, slave, give me one cup. Thou wilt say I love Lysidice more? No, by sweet Bacchus, whom I drink deep in this bowl; Euphrante for me, one against ten; yes, for the one light of the moon outshines the innumerable stars.

LIV

ROSA TRIPLEX

MELEAGER

Pour for Heliodora as Persuasion, and as the Cyprian, and once more for her again as the sweet-speeched Grace; for she is enrolled as my one goddess, whose beloved name I will mix and drink in unmixed wine.

LV

LOVE IN ABSENCE

MELEAGER

Pour, and again say, again, again, 'Heliodora'; say it and mingle the sweet name with the unmixed wine; and wreathe me with that garland of yesterday drenched with ointments, for remembrance of her.

Lo, the lovers' rose sheds tears to see her gone away, and not on my bosom.

LVI

THE SEA'S WOOING

MELEAGER

Fond Asclepias with her sparkling eyes as of Calm woos all to make the voyage of love.

LVII

THE TENTH MUSE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Four are the Graces, two the Paphians and ten the Muses; Dercylis is among them all, Muse, Grace, Paphian.

LVIII

THE LIGHT OF TROY

DIOSCORIDES

Athenion sang of that fatal horse to me; all Troy was afire, and I kindled along with it, not fearing the ten years' toil of Greece; and in that single blaze Trojans and I perished together then.

LIX

LOVE AND MUSIC

MELEAGER

Sweet is the tune, by Pan of Arcady, that thou playest on the harp, Zenophile, oversweet are the

notes of the tune. Whither shall I fly from thee? on all hands the Loves encompass me, and let me not take breath for ever so little space; for either thy form strikes longing into me, or again thy music or thy graciousness, or—what shall I say? all of thee; I kindle in the fire.

LX

HONEY AND STING

MELEAGER

Flower-fed bee, why touchest thou my Heliodora's skin, leaving outright the flower-bells of spring? Meanest thou that even the unendurable sting of Love, ever bitter to the heart, has a sweetness too? Yes, I think, this thou sayest; ah, fond one, go back again; we knew thy message long ago.

LXI

LOVE'S MESSENGER

MELEAGER

Fly for me, O gnat, a swift messenger, touch Zenophile and whisper lightly in her ears, 'One awaits thee waking, but thou sleepest, O oblivious of thy lovers.' Up, fly, yes fly, O musician; but speak softly, lest arousing her bedfellow too thou stir pangs of jealousy against me; and if thou bring my girl, I will adorn thee with a lion-skin, O gnat, and give thee a club to carry in thine hand.

LXII

LOVE THE SLAYER

MELEAGER

I beseech thee, Love, charm asleep the wakeful longing in me for Heliodora, pitying my suppliant verse; for, by thy bow that never has learned to strike another, but alway upon me pours its winged shafts, even though thou slay me I will leave letters uttering this voice, 'Look, stranger, on Love's murdered man.'

LXIII

FORSAKEN

MAECIUS

Why so woe-begone? and why, Philaenis, these reckless tearings of hair, and suffusion of showerful eyes? hast thou seen thy lover with another on his bosom? tell me; we know charms for grief. Thou weepest and sayest no: vainly dost thou essay to deny; the eyes are more trustworthy than the tongue.

LXIV

THE SLEEPLESS LOVER

MELEAGER

Grasshopper, beguilement of my longings, luller asleep, grasshopper, muse of the cornfield, shrill-winged, native mimic of the lyre, harp to me some

tune of longing, striking thy vocal wings with thy dear feet, that so thou mayest rescue me from the all-wakeful trouble of my pains, grasshopper, as thou makest thy love-luring voice tremble on the string; and I will give thee gifts at dawn, ever-fresh groundsel and dewy drops sprayed from the mouths of the watering-can.

LXV

REST AT NOON

MELEAGER

Voiceful cricket, drunken with drops of dew thou playest thy rustic music that murmurs in the solitude, and perched on the leaf-edges shrillest thy lyre-tune with serrated legs and swart skin. Ah my dear, utter a new song for the tree-nymphs' delight, and make thy harp-notes echo to Pan's, that escaping Love I may snatch sleep at noon, lying here under the shady plane.

LXVI

THE BURDEN OF YOUTH

ASCLEPIADES

I am not two and twenty yet, and I am aweary of living; O Loves, why misuse me so? why set me on fire? for when I am gone, what will you do? Doubtless, O Loves, as before you will play with your dice, unheeding.

LXVII

BROKEN VOWS

MELEAGER

Holy night, and thou, O lamp, you and none other we took to witness of our vows; and we swore, he that he would love me, and I that I would never leave him, and you kept witness between us. And now he says that these vows are written in running water, and thou, O lamp, seest him on the bosom of another.

LXVIII

DOUBTFUL DAWN

MELEAGER

O night, O wakeful longing in me for Heliodora, and eyes that sting with tears in the creeping grey of dawn, do some remnants of affection yet remain mine, and is her recording kiss warm upon my cold picture? has she tears for bedfellows, and does she clasp to her bosom and kiss a deluding dream of me? or has she some other new love, a new plaything? Never, O lamp, look thou on that, but be guardian of her whom I gave to thy keeping.

LXIX

THE DEW OF TEARS

ASCLEPIADES

Stay there, my garlands, hanging by these doors, nor hastily scattering your petals, you whom I have

wetted with tears (for lovers' eyes are showery); but when you see him as the door opens, drip my rain over his head, that so at least that golden hair may drink my tears.

LXX

LOVE'S GRAVE

MELEAGER

When I am gone, Cleobulus—for what avails? cast among the fire of young loves, I lie a brand in the ashes—I pray thee make the burial-urn drunk with wine ere thou lay it under earth, and write on it, 'Love's gift to Death.'

LXXI

LOVE'S MASTERDOM

MELEAGER

Terrible is Love, terrible; and what avails it if again I say and again, with many a moan, 'Terrible is Love'? for surely the boy laughs at this, and is pleased with manifold reproaches; and if I say bitter things, they are meat and drink to him. And I wonder how thou, O Cyprian, who didst arise through the green waves, out of water hast borne a fire.

LXXII

LOVE THE CONQUEROR

MELEAGER

I am down: tread with thy foot on my neck, cruel divinity; I know thee, by the Gods, heavy as thou

art to bear: I know too thy fiery arrows: but hurling thy brands at my soul thou wilt no longer kindle it, for it is all ashes.

LXXIII

LOVE'S PRISONER

MELEAGER

Did I not cry aloud to thee, O soul, 'Yes, by the Cyprian, thou wilt be caught, poor lover, if thou flutterest so often near the lime-twigs'? did I not cry aloud? and the snare has taken thee. Why dost thou gasp vainly in the toils? Love himself has bound thy wings and set thee on the fire, and sprinkled thee in thy swoon with perfumes, and given thee for thy thirst hot tears to drink.

LXXIV

FROST AND FIRE

MELEAGER

Ah suffering soul, now thou burnest in the fire, and now thou revivest, and fetchest breath again: why weepest thou? when thou didst nurture pitiless Love in thy bosom, knewest thou not that he was being nurtured for thy woe? knewest thou not? Know now his repayment, a fair foster-hire! take it, fire and cold snow together. Thou wouldst have it so; bear the pain; thou sufferest the wages of thy work, scorched with his burning honey.

LXXV

THE SCULPTOR OF SOULS

MELEAGER

Within my heart Love himself has moulded Heliodora with her lovely voice, the soul of my soul.

LXXVI

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

STRATO

Who may know if a loved one passes the prime, while ever with him and never left alone? who may not satisfy to-day who satisfied yesterday? and if he satisfy, what should befall him not to satisfy to-morrow?

II

PRAYERS AND DEDICATIONS

I

TO ZEUS OF SCHERIA

JULIUS POLYAENUS

Though the terror of those who pray, and the thanks of those who have prayed, ever fill thine ears with myriad voice, O Zeus who abidest in the holy plain of Scheria, yet hearken to me also, and bow down with a true promise that my exile now may have an end, and I may live in my native land at rest from labour of long journeys.

II

TO THE GOD OF THE SEA

CRINAGORAS

Holy Spirit of the great Shaker of Earth, be thou gracious to others also who ply across the Aegean brine; since even for me, chased by the Thracian hurricane, thou didst open out the calm havens to my joy.

III

TO THE GOD OF HARBOUR AND HEADLAND

ANTIPHILUS

Founder and harbour-god, do thou, O blessed one, send with a gentle breeze the outward-bound sail down smooth water to the open sea; and thou who keepest the points of the shore, guard the voyager for the Pythian shrine; and thenceforward, if all we singers are in Phoebus' care, I will sail cheerily on with a fair-flowing west wind.

IV

TO POSEIDON OF AEGAE

ALPHEUS

Thou who holdest sovereignty of swift-sailing ships, steed-loving god, and the great overhanging cliff of Euboea, give to thy worshippers a favourable voyage to the City of Ares, when they loose moorings from Syria.

V

TO THE LORD OF SEA AND LAND

MACEDONIUS

This ship to thee, O king of sea and sovereign of land, I Crantas dedicate, this ship wet no longer, a feather tossed by the wandering winds, whereon many a time I deemed in my terror that I drove to death; now renouncing all, fear and hope, sea and storms, I have planted my foot securely upon earth.

VI

TO THE GODS OF SEA AND WEATHER

PHILODEMUS

O Melicerta son of Ino, and thou, sea-green Leucothea, mistress of Ocean, deity that shieldest from harm, and choirs of the Nereïds, and waves, and thou Poseidon, and Thracian Zephyrus, gentlest of the winds, carry me propitiously, sped through the broad wave, safe to the sweet shore of the Peiraeus.

VII

TO POSEIDON, BY A FISHERMAN

MACEDONIUS

Old Amyntichus tied his plummeted fishing-net round his fish-spear, ceasing from his sea-toil, and spake towards Poseidon and the salt surge of the sea, letting a tear fall from his eyelids: 'Thou knowest, blessed one, I am weary; and in an evil old age, clinging Poverty keeps her youth and wastes my limbs; give sustenance to a poor old man while he yet draws breath, but from the land, O ruler of both earth and sea as thou wilt.'

VIII

TO PALAEMON AND INO

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This broken fragment of a sea-wandering scolopendra, lying on the sandy shore, twice four fathom

long, all befouled with froth, much torn under the sea-washed rock, Hermonax chanced upon when he was hauling a draught of fishes out of the sea as he plied his fisher's craft; and having found it, he hung it up to the boy Palaemon and Ino, giving the sea-marvel to the sea-deities.

IX

TO ARTEMIS OF THE FISHING-NETS

APOLLONIDES

A red mullet and a hake from the embers to thee, Artemis of the Haven, I Menis the caster of nets offer, and a brimming cup of wine mixed strong, and a broken crust of dry bread, a poor man's sacrifice; in recompence whereof give thou nets ever filled with prey; to thee, O blessed one, all meshes have been given.

X

TO PRIAPUS OF THE SHORE

MAECIUS

Priapus of the seashore, the trawlers lay before thee these gifts by the grace of thine aid from the promontory, having imprisoned a tunny shoal in their nets of spun hemp in the green sea-entrances: a beechen cup and a rude stool of heath and a glass cup holding wine, that thou mayest rest thy foot weary and cramped with dancing while thou chasest away the dry thirst.

XI

TO APOLLO OF LEUCAS

PHILIPPUS

Phoebus who holdest the sheer steep of Leucas, far seen of mariners and washed by the Ionian sea, receive of sailors this mess of hand-kneaded barley-bread and a libation mingled in a little cup, and the gleam of a brief-shining lamp that drinks with half-saturate mouth from a sparing oil-flask; in recompence whereof be gracious, and send on their sails a favourable wind to run with them to the harbours of Actium.

XII

TO ARTEMIS OF THE WAYS

ANTIPHILUS

Thou of the Ways, to thee Antiphilus dedicates this hat from his own head, a voucher of his wayfaring; for thou wast gracious to his prayers, wast favouring to his paths; and his thank-offering is small indeed but sacred. Let not any greedy traveller's hand snatch our gift; sacrilege is perilous even in little things.

XIII

TO THE TWIN BRETHREN

CALLIMACHUS

He who set me here, Euaenetus, says (for of myself I know not) that I am dedicated in recompence of his single-handed victory, I the cock of

brass, to the Twin Brethren; I believe the son of Phaedrus the Philoxenid.

XIV

TO ARTEMIS THE HEALER

PHILIPPUS

Huntress and archer, maiden daughter of Zeus and Leto, Artemis to whom are given the recesses of the mountains, this very day send away beyond the North Wind this hateful sickness from our most noble lord; for so above thine altars will Philippus offer vapour of frankincense, doing goodly sacrifice of a hill-pasturing boar.

XV

TO ASCLEPIUS

THEOCRITUS

Even to Miletus came the son of the Healer to succour the physician of diseases Nicias, who ever day by day draws near him with offerings, and had this image carved of fragrant cedar, promising high recompence to Eetion for his cunning of hand; and he put all his art into the work.

XVI

TO THE WATER NYMPHS

HERMOCREON

Water Nymphs, before whom Hermocreon laid these gifts when he came on the bright-welling spring, fare

you well, and may your lovely feet tread on this watery house while you fill it with a pure draught.

XVII

TO PAN PAEAN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

This for thee, O pipe-player, minstrel, gracious god, holy lord of the Naiads who pour their urns, Hyginus made as a gift, whom thou, O protector, didst draw nigh and make whole of his hard sickness; for among all my children thou didst stand by me visibly, not in a dream of night, but about the mid-circle of the day.

XVIII

TO HERACLES OF OETA

DIONYSIUS

Heracles who treadest on stony Trachis and on Oeta and the deep brow of tree-clad Pholoe, to thee Dionysius offers this green staff of wild olive, cut off by him with his billhook.

XIX

TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES

THEOCRITUS

These dewy roses and yonder close-curled wild thyme are laid before the maidens of Helicon, and the dark-leaved laurels before thee, Pythian Healer, since the Delphic rock made this thine ornament; and this white-horned he-goat shall stain the altar, who nibbles the tip of the terebinth shoot.

XX

TO APHRODITE OF THE GOLDEN HOUSE

MOERO

Thou liest in the golden portico of Aphrodite, O grape-cluster filled full of Dionysus' juice, nor ever more shall thy mother twine round thee her lovely tendril or above thine head put forth her honeyed leaf.

XXI

TO APHRODITE, BY CALLISTION

POSIDIPPUS

Thou who inhabitest Cyprus and Cythera and Miletus and the fair plain of horse-trampled Syria, come graciously to Callistion, who never turned a lover away from her kindly porch.

XXII

TO APHRODITE, BY LAÏS

PLATO

I Laïs who laughed exultant over Greece, I who held that swarm of young lovers in my porches, lay my mirror before the Paphian; since such as I am I will not see myself, and such as I was I cannot.

XXIII

TO APHRODITE, WITH A TALISMAN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Nico's wryneck, that knows to draw a man even from overseas, and girls out of their wedding-chambers, chased with gold, carven out of translucent amethyst, lies before thee, Cyprian, for

thine own possession, tied across the middle with a soft lock of purple lamb's wool, the gift of the sorceress of Larissa.

XXIV

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Mother who goest about Dindymus and the hill spurs of fire-scarred Phrygia, mighty mistress, bring little Aristodice, daughter of Silene, to ripeness for wedding-chant and marriage, the term of her girlhood, for that she often in thy porches and by thine altar shook loose her maiden hair.

XXV

TO APHRODITE EUPLOIA

GAETULICUS

Guardian of the seabeach, to thee I send these cakes, and the gifts of a scanty sacrifice; for to-morrow I shall cross the broad wave of the Ionian sea, hastening to our Eidothea's arms. Ah, shine thou favourably on my love as on my mast, O Cyprian, mistress alike of the bride-chamber and the beach.

XXVI

TO THE GOD OF CANOPUS

CALLIMACHUS

To the god of Canopus Callistion, wife of Critias, dedicates me, a lamp enriched with twenty wicks, in payment of her vow for her child Apellis; and regarding my splendours thou wilt say, 'How art thou fallen, O Evening Star!'

XXVII

TO ISIS, WITH A TRESS OF HAIR

PALLADAS

Instead of burnt-offering and dedicated gold Pamphilion lays these shining tresses before Isis; and the goddess is prouder of them than Apollo of the gold that Croesus sent to the god out of Lydia.

XXVIII

TO HERACLES, WITH A SHIELD

HEGESIPPUS

Receive me, O Heracles, the consecrated shield of Archestratus, that leaning against thy polished portico I may grow old in hearing of dances and hymns; let the War-God's hateful strife be satisfied.

XXIX

TO THE MILESIAN ARTEMIS

NICIAS

So I was destined, I also, one day to abandon the hateful strife of Ares and hear the maiden choirs around Artemis' temple, where Epixenus placed me when white old age began to waste his limbs.

XXX

TO ATHENE ERGANE

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

The shuttle that sang at morning with the earliest swallows' cry, kingfisher of Pallas' loom, and the heavy-headed twirling spindle, light-running spinner

of the twisted yarn, and the bobbins, and this basket, friend to the distaff, keeper of the spun warp-thread and the reel, Telesilla, the industrious daughter of good Diocles, dedicates to the Maiden, mistress of wool-dressers.

XXXI

TO THE ORCHARD GOD

ZONAS

This fresh-cloven pomegranate and fresh-downed quince, and the wrinkled navel-fig, and the purple grape-bunch spirting wine, thick-clustered, and the nut fresh-stripped of its green husk, to this rustic staked Priapus the keeper of the fruit dedicates, an offering from his orchard trees.

XXXII

TO DEMETER AND THE SEASONS

ZONAS

To Demeter of the winnowing fan and the Seasons whose feet are in the furrows Heronax lays here from a poor little plough-land their share of ears from the threshing floor, and these mixed seeds of pulse on a slabbed table, the least of a little; for no great inheritance is this he has gotten him, here on the barren hill.

XXXIII

TO THE CORN GODDESS

PHILIPPUS

These handfuls of corn from the furrows of a tiny field, Demeter lover of wheat, Sosicles the tiller dedicates to thee, having reaped now an abundant

harvest; again likewise may he carry back his sickle blunted from shearing of the straw.

XXXIV

TO THE GODS OF THE FARM

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

To Pan of the goats and fruitful Dionysus and Demeter Lady of Earth I dedicate a common offering, and beseech of them fair fleeces and fair wine and fair fruit of the corn-ears in my reaping.

XXXV

TO THE WEST WIND

BACCHYLIDES

Eudemus dedicates this shrine in the fields to Zephyrus, most bountiful of the winds, who came to aid him at his prayer, that he might right quickly winnow the grain from the ripe ears.

XXXVI

TO PAN OF THE FOUNTAIN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

We supplicate Pan, the goer on the cliffs, twy-horned leader of the Nymphs, who abides in this house of rock, to be gracious to us, whosoever come to this spring of ever-flowing drink to rid us of our thirst.

XXXVII

TO PAN AND THE NYMPHS

ANYTE

To bristly-haired Pan, and the Nymphs of the farm yard, Theodotus the shepherd lays this gift

under the crag, because they stayed him when very weary under the parching summer, holding out to him honey-sweet water in their hands.

XXXVIII

TO THE SHEPHERD GOD

THEOCRITUS

White-skinned Daphnis, the player of pastoral hymns on his fair pipe, offers these to Pan, the pierced reeds, the stick for throwing at hares, a sharp javelin and a fawn-skin, and the scrip wherein once he carried apples.

XXXIX

TO PAN, BY A HUNTER, A FOWLER, AND A FISHER

ARCHIAS

To thee, Pan of the cliff, three brethren dedicate these various gifts of their threefold ensnaring; Damis toils for wild beasts, and Pigres springes for birds, and Cleitor nets that swim in the sea; whom do thou yet again make fortunate, one in the air, and one in the sea and one among the oakwoods.

XL

TO ARTEMIS OF THE OAKWOOD

MNASALCAS

This to thee, Artemis the bright, this statue Cleonymus set up; do thou overshadow this oak-wood rich in game, where thou goest afoot, our lady,

over the mountain tossing with foliage, as thou hastest with thy terrible and eager hounds.

XLI

TO THE GODS OF THE CHASE

CRINAGORAS

Fountained caverns of the Nymphs that drip so much water down this jagged headland, and echoing hut of pine-coronalled Pan, wherein he dwells under the feet of the rock of Bassae, and stumps of aged juniper sacred among hunters, and stone-heaped seats of Hermes, be gracious and receive the spoils of the swift stag-chase from Sosander prosperous in hunting.

XLII

TO ARCADIAN ARTEMIS

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This deer, that fed about Ladon and the Erymanthian water and the ridges of Pholoe haunted by wild beasts, Lycormas son of Thearidas of Lasion got, striking her with the diamond-shaped butt of his spear, and, drawing off the skin and the double-pointed antlers on her forehead, laid them before the Maiden of the country.

XLIII

TO APOLLO, WITH A HUNTER'S BOW

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Androclus, O Apollo, gives this bow to thee, wherewith in the chase striking many a beast he had luck

in his aim: since never did the arrow leap astray from the curved horn or speed vainly from his hand; for as often as the inevitable bowstring rang, so often he brought down his prey in air or thicket; wherefore to thee, O Phoebus, he brings this Lyctian weapon as an offering, having clasped it round with rings of gold.

XLIV

TO PAN OF THE SHEPHERDS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

O Pan, utter thy holy voice to the feeding flocks, running thy curved lip over the golden reeds, that so they may often bring gifts of white milk in heavy udders to Clymenus' home, and for thee the lord of the she-goats, standing adorned by thine altars, may spirt the red blood from his shaggy breast.

XLV

TO THE GOD OF ARCADY

AGATHIAS

These unsown domains, O Pan of the hill, Stratonicus the ploughman dedicates to thee in return of thy good deeds, saying, 'Feed in joy thine own flocks and look on thine own land, never more to be shorn with bronze; thou wilt find the resting-place a gracious one; for here charmed Echo will likewise fulfil her marriage with thee.'

III

EPITAPHS

I

ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD AT PLATAEA

SIMONIDES

If to die nobly is the chief part of excellence, to us out of all men Fortune gave this lot; for hastening to set a crown of freedom on Hellas, we lie possessed of praise that grows not old.

II

ON THE LACEDAEMONIAN DEAD AT PLATAEA

SIMONIDES

These men having set a crown of imperishable glory on their own land were folded in the dark cloud of death; yet being dead they have not died, since from on high their excellence raises them gloriously out of the house of Hades.

III

ON THE SPARTANS AT THERMOPYLAE

PARMENIO

Him, who over changed paths of earth and sea sailed on the mainland and went afoot upon the

deep, Spartan valour held back on three hundred spears; be ashamed, O mountains and seas.

ON THE SAME

SIMONIDES

O passer by, tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here obeying their orders.

V

ON THE DEAD IN AN UNKNOWN BATTLE

MNASALCAS

These men, in saving their native land that lay with tearful fetters on her neck, clad themselves in the dust of darkness; and they win great praise of excellence; looking on them, let a citizen have courage to die for his country.

VI

ON THE DEFENDERS OF TEGEA

SIMONIDES

Through these men's valour the smoke of the burning of wide-floored Tegea went not up to heaven, who chose to leave the city glad and free to their children, and themselves to die in forefront of the battle.

VII

ON THE DEAD IN A BATTLE IN BOEOTIA

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

O Time, all-surveying deity of the manifold things wrought among mortals, carry to all men the message of our fate, that striving to save the holy soil of Greece we die on the renowned Boeotian plains.

VIII

ON A SLAIN WARRIOR

ANACREON

Valiant in war was Timocritus, whose monument this is; but Ares spares the coward, not the brave.

IX

ON THE SLAIN IN A BATTLE IN THESSALY

AESCHYLUS

These men also, the steadfast among spears, dark Fate destroyed as they defended their native land rich in sheep; but they being dead their glory is alive, who woefully clad their limbs in the dust of Ossa.

X

ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD AT THE BATTLE OF CHALCIS

SIMONIDES

We fell under the fold of Dirphys, and a memorial is reared over us by our country near the Euripus,

not unjustly; for we lost lovely youth facing the rough cloud of war.

XI

ON THE ERETRIAN EXILES IN PERSIA

PLATO

We who of old left the booming surge of the Aegean lie here in the mid-plain of Ecbatana: fare thou well, renowned Eretria once our country, farewell Athens nigh to Euboea, farewell dear sea.

XII

ON THE SAME

PLATO

We are Eretrians of Euboea by blood, but we lie near Susa, alas! how far from our own land.

XIII

ON AESCHYLUS

AESCHYLUS

Aeschylus son of Euphorion the Athenian this monument hides, who died in wheat-bearing Gela; but of his approved valour the Marathonian grove may tell, and the deep-haired Mede who knew it.

XIV

ON AN EMPTY TOMB IN TRACHIS

EUPHORION

Not rocky Trachis covers over thy white bones, nor this stone with her dark-blue lettering; but them

the Icarian wave dashes about the shingle of Doliche and steep Dracanon; and I, this empty earth, for old friendship with Polymedes, am heaped among the thirsty herbage of Dryopis.

XV

ON A GRAVE AT MEROË

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Straight is the descent to Hades, whether thou wert to go from Athens or takest thy journey from Meroë; let it not vex thee to have died so far away from home; from all lands the wind that blows to Hades is but one.

XVI

ON A GRAVE AT CYZICUS

ERYCIUS

I am an Athenian woman; for that was my city; but from Athens the wasting War-god of the Italians took me for spoil long ago and made a Roman citizen; and now that I am dead, seagirt Cyzicus wraps my bones. Fare thou well, O land that nurturedst me, and thou that thereafter didst hold me, and thou that at last hast taken me to thy breast.

XVII

ON A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

PLATO

I am the tomb of one shipwrecked; and that opposite me, of a husbandman; for a common Hades lies beneath sea and earth.

XVIII

ON THE SAME

PLATO

Well be with you, O mariners, both at sea and on land; but know that you pass by the grave of a shipwrecked man.

XIX

ON THE SAME

THEODORIDES

I am the tomb of one shipwrecked; but sail thou; for even while we perished, the other ships sailed on over the sea.

XX

ON THE SAME

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

May the seafarer have a prosperous voyage; but if, like me, the gale drive him into the harbours of Hades, let him blame not the inhospitable sea-gulf, but his own foolhardiness, that loosed moorings from our tomb.

XXI

ON THE SAME

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Mariner, ask not whose tomb I am here, but be thine own fortune a kinder sea.

XXII

ON THE SAME

CALLIMACHUS

What stranger, O shipwrecked man? Leontichus found me here a corpse on the shore, and heaped this tomb over me, with tears for his own calamitous life: for neither is he at peace, but flits like a gull over the sea.

XXIII

ON THE EMPTY TOMB OF ONE LOST AT SEA

GLAUCUS

Not dust nor the light weight of a stone, but all this sea that thou beholdest is the tomb of Erasippus; for he perished with his ship, and in some unknown place his bones moulder, and the sea-gulls alone know them to tell.

XXIV

ON THE SAME

SIMONIDES

Cloudcapt Geraneia, cruel steep, would thou hadst looked on far Ister and long Scythian Tanaïs, and not lain nigh the surge of the Scironian sea by the ravines of the snowy Meluriad rock: but now he is a chill corpse in ocean, and the empty tomb here cries aloud of his heavy voyage.

XXV

ON THE SAME

DAMAGETUS

Thymodes also, weeping over unlooked-for woes, reared this empty tomb to Lycus his son; for not even in a strange land did he get a grave, but some Thynian headland or Pontic island holds him, where, forlorn of all funeral rites, his shining bones lie naked on an inhospitable shore.

XXVI

ON THE SAME

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

A rough and steep-down squall out of the East, and night, and the waves of the gloomy setting of Orion were my bane, and I Callaeschrus lost my hold of life as I sped through the mid Libyan sea: so I am rolled drifting in ocean, to be the prey of fishes, and this stone says falsely that it is over me.

XXVII

ON A SAILOR DROWNED IN HARBOUR

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Everywhere the sea is the sea; why idly blame we the Cyclades or the narrow wave of Helle and the Needles? in vain have they their fame; or why when I had escaped them did the harbour of Scarphe whelm me? Pray whoso will for a fair passage home; that

the sea's way is the sea, Aristagoras knows who is buried here.

XXVIII

ON ARISTON OF CYRENE, LOST AT SEA

THEAETETUS

O sailing mariners, Ariston of Cyrene prays you all, in the name of Zeus the Protector, to tell his father Meno that he lies by the Icarian rocks, having given up the ghost in the Aegean sea.

XXIX

ON BITON OF AMPHIPOLIS, LOST AT SEA

NICAENETUS

I am the grave of Biton, O wayfarer; and if leaving Torone thou goest even to Amphipolis, tell Nicagoras that the wind from Strymon at the setting of the Kids lost him his only son.

XXX

ON POLYANTHUS OF TORONE, LOST AT SEA

PHAEDIMUS

I bewail Polyanthus, O thou who passest by, whom Aristagore his wife laid newly-wedded in the grave, having received dust and bones (but him the ill-blown Aegean wave cast away off Sciathus), when at early dawn the fishermen drew his luckless corpse, O stranger, into the harbour of Torone.

XXXI

ON A WAYSIDE TOMB

NICIAS

Sit beneath the poplars here, wayfarer, when thou art weary, and drawing nigh drink of our spring; and even far away remember the fountain that Simus sets by the side of Gillus his dead child.

XXXII

ON THE CHILDREN OF NICANDER AND LYSIDICE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

This is the single tomb of Nicander's children; the light of a single morning ended the sacred offspring of Lysidice.

XXXIII

ON A BABY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Me a baby that was just tasting life heaven snatched away, I know not whether for good or for evil; insatiable Death, why hast thou snatched me cruelly in infancy? Why hurriest thou? Are we not all thine in the end?

XXXIV

ON A CHILD OF FIVE

LUCIAN

Me Callimachus, a five-years-old child whose spirit knew not grief, pitiless Death snatched away; but

weep thou not for me; for little was my share in life, and little in life's ills.

XXXV

ON A CHILD OF SEVEN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Hermes messenger of Persephone, whom usherest thou thus to the laughterless abyss of Death? A cruel fate snatched Ariston from the fresh air at seven years old, and the child lies between his parents. Pluto delighting in tears, are not all mortal spirits allotted to thee? why dost thou strip the unripe grapes of youth?

XXXVI

ON A BOY OF TWELVE

CALLIMACHUS

Philip his father laid here the twelve-years-old child, his high hope, Nicoteles.

XXXVII

ON CLEOETES

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Looking on the monument of a dead boy, Cleoetes son of Menesaechmus, pity him who was so beautiful and died.

XXXVIII

ON A BEAUTIFUL BOY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Not death is bitter, since that is predestinate for all, but to die ere the time and before our parents: I having seen not marriage nor wedding-chant nor bridal bed, lie here the love of many, and to be the love of more.

XXXIX

ON A BOY OF NINETEEN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Bidding hail to me, Diogenes beneath the earth, go about thy business and obtain thy desire; for at nineteen years old I was laid low by cruel sickness and leave the sweet sun.

XL

ON A SON, BY HIS FATHER

PHANIAS

Lysis heaped this empty dust, a monument not for a father but for his grief over a much-wept child, entombing but the name, since the relics of hapless Mantitheus came not beneath the hand of his parents.

XLI

ON A SON, BY HIS MOTHER

DIOTIMUS

What profits it to labour in childbirth? what to bear children? let not her bear who must see her

child's death; for to stripling Bianor his mother reared the tomb; but it was fitting that the mother should obtain this service of the son.

XLII

ON A GIRL

CALLIMACHUS

The daughters of the Samians often require Crethis the teller of tales, who knew pretty games, sweetest of workfellows, ever talking; but she sleeps here the sleep to which they all must come.

XLIII

ON A BETROTHED GIRL

ERINNA

I am of Baucis the bride; passing by my oft-wept pillar thou mayest say this to Death that dwells under ground, 'Thou art envious, O Death'; and they who see this monument will tell of the most bitter fortune of Bauco, how her father-in-law burned the girl on the funeral pyre with those torches by whose light the marriage train was to be led home; and thou, O Hymenaeus, didst change the tuneable bridal song into a voice of wailing dirges.

XLIV

ON THE SAME

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Ausonian earth holds me a woman of Libya, and I lie a maiden here by the sea-sand near Rome; and

Pompeia, who nurtured me like a daughter, wept over me and laid me in a free tomb, while hastening on that other torch-fire for me; but this one came first, and contrary to our prayers Persephone lit the lamp.

XLV

ON A SINGING-GIRL

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Blue-eyed Musa, the sweet-voiced nightingale, suddenly this little grave holds voiceless, and she lies like a stone who was so accomplished and so famous; fair Musa, be this dust light over thee.

XLVI

ON CLAUDIA HOMONOEA

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I Homonoea, who was far clearer-voiced than the Sirens, I who was more golden than the Cyprian herself at revellings and feasts, I the chattering bright swallow lie here, leaving tears to Atimetus, to whom I was dear from girlhood; but unforeseen fate scattered all that great affection.

XLVII

ON PAULA OF TARENTUM

DIODORUS

Bear witness this my stone house of night that has hidden me, and the wail-circled water of Cocytus, my husband did not, as men say, kill me, his eyes set on marriage with another; why should Rufinius have an

ill name idly? but my predestined Fates lead me away; not surely is Paula of Tarentum the only one who has died before her day.

XLVIII

ON A MOTHER, DEAD IN CHILDBIRTH

DIODORUS

These woeful letters of Diodorus' wisdom tell that I was engraven for one early dead in childbirth, since she perished in bearing a boy; and I weep to hold Athenaïs the comely daughter of Melo, who left grief to the women of Lesbos and her father Jason; but thou, O Artemis, wert busy with thy beast-slaying hounds.

XLIX

ON A MOTHER OF EIGHTEEN, AND HER BABY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Name me Polyxena wife of Archelaus, child of Theodectes and hapless Demarete, and a mother as far as the birth-pangs; but fate overtook the child before full twenty suns, and myself died at eighteen years, just a mother and just a bride, so brief was all my day.

L

ON A YOUNG WIFE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

To his wife Paulina, holy of life and blameless, who died at nineteen years, Andronicus the physician paying memorial placed this witness the last of all.

LI

ON ATTHIS OF CNIDOS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Atthis who didst live for me and breathe thy last toward me, source of joyfulness formerly as now of tears, holy, much lamented, how sleepest thou the mournful sleep, thou whose head was never laid away from thy husband's breast, leaving Theius alone as one who is no more; for with thee the hopes of our life went to darkness.

LII

ON PREXO, WIFE OF THEOCRITUS OF SAMOS

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Who and of whom art thou, O woman, that liest under the Parian column? Prexo, daughter of Calliteles. And of what country? Of Samos. And also who buried thee? Theocritus, to whom my parents gave me in marriage. And of what diedst thou? In childbirth. How old? Two-and-twenty. And childless? Nay, but I left a three-years-old Calliteles. May he live at least and come to great old age. And to thee, O stranger, may Fortune give all prosperity.

LIII

ON AMAZONIA OF THESSALONICA

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Why idly bemoaning linger you by my tomb? nothing worthy of lamentation is mine among the

dead. Cease from plaints and be at rest, O husband, and you, my children, fare well, and keep the memory of Amazonia.

LIV

ON A LACEDAEMONIAN NURSE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Here earth holds the Peloponnesian woman who was the most faithful nurse of the children of Diogeitus.

LV

ON A LYDIAN SLAVE

DIOSCORIDES

A Lydian am I, yes a Lydian, but in a free tomb, O my master, thou didst lay thy fosterer Timanthes; prosperously mayest thou lengthen out an unharmed life, and if under the hand of old age thou shalt come to me, I am thine, O master, even in the grave.

LVI

ON A PERSIAN SLAVE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Even now beneath the earth I abide faithful to thee, yes my master, as before, forgetting not thy kindness, in that then thou broughtest me thrice out of sickness to safe foothold, and now didst lay me here beneath sufficient shelter, calling me by name, Manes the Persian; and for thy good deeds to me thou shalt have servants readier at need.

LVII

ON A FAVOURITE DOG

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Thou who passest on the path, if haply thou dost mark this monument, laugh not, I pray thee, though it is a dog's grave; tears fell for me, and the dust was heaped above me by a master's hands, who likewise engraved these words on my tomb.

LVIII

ON A MALTESE WATCH-DOG

TYMNES

Here the stone says it holds the white dog from Melita, the most faithful guardian of Eumelus; Bull they called him while he was yet alive; but now his voice is prisoned in the silent pathways of night.

LIX

ON A GRASSHOPPER

PHAENNUS

On Democritus would I the grasshopper draw deep sleep when I let loose shrill music from my wings; and Democritus over me when I was dead reared this fitting tomb, O wayfarer, nigh to Oropus.

LX

ON A TAME PARTRIDGE

AGATHIAS

No longer, poor partridge migrated from the rocks, does thy woven house hold thee in its thin withies,

nor under the sparkle of fresh-faced Dawn dost thou ruffle up the edges of thy basking wings; the cat bit off thy head, but the rest of thee I snatched away, and she did not fill her greedy jaw; and now may the earth cover thee not lightly but heavily, lest she drag out thy remains.

LXI

ON A THESSALIAN HOUND

SIMONIDES

Surely even as thou liest dead in this tomb I deem the wild beasts yet fear thy white bones, huntress Lycas; and thy valour great Pelion knows and splendid Ossa and the lonely peaks of Cithaeron.

LXII

ON CHARIDAS OF CYRENE

CALLIMACHUS

Does Charidas in truth sleep beneath thee? If thou meanest the son of Arimmas of Cyrene, beneath me. O Charidas, what of the under world? Great darkness. And what of the resurrection? A lie. And Pluto? A fable; we perish utterly.

LXIII

ON THEOGNIS OF SINOPE

SIMONIDES

I am the monument of Theognis of Sinope, over whom Glaucus set me in guerdon of their long fellowship.

LXIV

ON A DEAD FRIEND

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

This little stone, good Sabinus, is the record of our great friendship; ever will I require thee; and thou, if it is permitted among the dead, drink not of the water of Lethe for me.

LXV

ON AN UNHAPPY MAN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I Dionysius of Tarsus lie here at sixty, having never married; and I would that my father had not.

LXVI

ON A CRETAN MERCHANT

SIMONIDES

I Brotachus of Gortyna, a Cretan, lie here, not having come hither for this, but for traffic.

LXVII

ON SAON OF ACANTHUS

CALLIMACHUS

Here Saon, son of Dicon of Acanthus, rests in a holy sleep; say not that the good die.

IV

LITERATURE AND ART

I

THE GROVE OF THE MUSES

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Say thou that this grove is consecrate to the Muses, pointing to the books by the plane-trees, and that we guard it; and if a true lover of ours come hither, we crown him with our ivy.

II

THE VOICE OF THE WORLD

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

The herald of the prowess of heroes and interpreter of the immortals, a second sun on the life of Greece, Homer, the light of the Muses, the ageless mouth of all the world, lies hid, O stranger, under the sea-washed sand.

III

THE TALE OF TROY

ALPHEUS

Still we hear the wail of Andromache, still we see all Troy toppling from her foundations, and the battling of Ajax, and Hector, bound to the chariot-horses, dragged under the city's crown of towers, through the Muse of Maeonides, the poet with whom no one country adorns herself as her own, but the zones of both worlds.

IV

ORPHEUS

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

No longer, Orpheus, wilt thou lead the charmed oaks, no longer the rocks nor the lordless herds of the wild beasts; no longer wilt thou lull the roaring of the winds, nor hail and sweep of snowstorms nor dashing sea; for thou perishedst; and the daughters of Mnemosyne wept sore for thee, and thy mother Calliope above all. Why do we mourn over sons deceased, when not even gods avail to ward off Death from their children?

V

SAPPHO

POSIDIPPUS

Doricha, long ago thy bones are dust, and the ribbon of thy hair and the raiment scented with unguents, wherein once wrapping lovely Charaxus round thou didst cling to him, carousing into dawn;

but the white leaves of the dear ode of Sappho remain yet and shall remain speaking thine adorable name, which Naucratis shall keep here so long as a sea-going ship shall come to the lagoons of Nile.

VI

ERINNA (1)

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Thee, as thou wert just giving birth to a spring-tide of honeyed songs and just finding thy swan-voice, Fate, mistress of the threaded spindle, drove to Acheron across the wide water of the dead; but the fair labour of thy verses, Erinna, cries that thou art not perished, but keepest mingled choir with the Maidens of Pieria.

VII

ERINNA (2)

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The young maiden singer Erinna, the bee among poets, who sipped the flowers of the Muses, Hades snatched away to be his bride; truly indeed said the girl in her wisdom, 'Thou art envious, O Death.'

VIII

ANACREON'S GRAVE (1)

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

O stranger who passest this the tomb of Anacreon, pour libation over me in going by; for I am a drinker of wine.

IX

ANACREON'S GRAVE (2)

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

O stranger who passest by the humble tomb of Anacreon, if thou hast had aught of good from my books pour libation on my ashes, pour libation of the jocund grape, that my bones may rejoice wetted with wine; so I, who was ever deep in the wine-steeped revels of Dionysus, I who was bred among drinking tunes, shall not even when dead endure without Bacchus this place to which the generation of mortals must come.

X

PINDAR

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

As high as the trumpet's blast outsounds the thin flute, so high above all others did thy lyre ring; nor idly did the tawny swarm mould their waxen-celled honey, O Pindar, about thy tender lips: witness the horned god of Maenalus when he sang thy hymn and forgot his own pastoral reeds.

XI

THESPIS

DIOSCORIDES

I am Thespis who first shaped the strain of tragedy, making new partition of fresh graces among the masquers when Bacchus would lead home the wine-stained chorus, for whom a goat and a basket of Attic

figs was as yet the prize in contests. A younger race reshape all this; and infinite time will make many more inventions yet; but mine are mine.

XII

SOPHOCLES

SIMMIAS

Gently over the tomb of Sophocles, gently creep, O ivy, flinging forth thy green tresses, and all about let the rose-petal blow, and the clustered vine shed her soft tendrils round, for the sake of the wise-hearted eloquence mingled of the Muses and Graces that lived on his honeyed tongue.

XIII

EURIPIDES

THUCYDIDES

All Hellas is the monument of Euripides; Macedonian earth holds his bones, where his life reached its goal, but his native land was the Hellas of Hellas, Athens; and having given most delight by his Muses, he has praise likewise of many.

XIV

ARISTOPHANES

PLATO

The Graces, seeking to take a sanctuary that will not fall, found the soul of Aristophanes.

XV

RHINTHO

NOSSIS

With a ringing laugh and a friendly word over me do thou pass by; I am Rhintho of Syracuse, a small nightingale of the Muses; but from our tragical mirth we plucked an ivy of our own.

XVI

MELEAGER (1)

MELEAGER

Tread softly, O stranger; for here an old man sleeps among the holy dead, lulled in the slumber due to all, Meleager son of Eucrates, who united Love of the sweet tears and the Muses with the joyous Graces; whom God-begotten Tyre brought to manhood, and the sacred land of Gadara, but lovely Cos nursed in old age among the Meropes. Now if thou art a Syrian, *Salam*, and if a Phoenician, *Naidios*, and if a Greek, *Fare well*; and say thou the same.

XVII

MELEAGER (2)

MELEAGER

Island Tyre was my nurse; and the Attic land that lies in Syrian Gadara is the country of my birth; and I sprang of Eucrates, I Meleager, the companion of the Muses, first of all who have run

side by side with the Graces of Menippus. And if I am a Syrian, what wonder? We all dwell in one country, O stranger, the world; one Chaos brought all mortals to birth. And when stricken in years, I inscribed this on my tablets before burial, since he who has old age for neighbour is nigh to death; do thou, bidding hail to me, the aged talker, thyself reach a talking old age.

XVIII

PYLADES THE HARP-PLAYER

ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

All Greece bewails thee departed, Pylades, and cuts short her unbraided hair; even Phoebus himself laid aside the laurels from his unshorn tresses, honouring his own minstrel as was meet, and the Muses wept, and Asopus stayed his stream, hearing the cry from their wailing lips; and Dionysus' halls ceased from dancing when thou didst pass down the iron path of Death.

XIX

THE DEATH OF MUSIC

LEONTIUS

When Orpheus was gone, a Muse was yet haply left, but when thou didst perish, Plato, the harp likewise ceased; for until then there yet lived some little fragment of the old melodies, saved in thy soul and hands.

XX

APOLLO AND MARSYAS (1)

ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

No more through pine-clad Phrygia, as of old, shalt thou make melody, uttering thy notes through the pierced reeds, nor in thy hands as before shall the workmanship of Tritonian Athena flower forth, nymph-born Satyr; for thy hands are bound tight in gyves, since being mortal thou didst join immortal strife with Phoebus; and the flutes, that cried as honey-sweet as his harp, gained thee from the contest no crown but death.

XXI

APOLLO AND MARSYAS (2)

ARCHIAS

Thou hangest high where the winds lash thy wild body, O wretched one, swinging from a shaggy pine; thou hangest high, for thou didst stand up to strife against Phoebus, O Satyr, dweller on the cliff of Celaenae; and we nymphs shall no longer as before hear the honey-sounding cry of thy flute on the Phrygian hills.

XXII

GLAPHYRUS THE FLUTE-PLAYER

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Phoebus said over clear-voiced Glaphyrus as he breathed desire through the pierced lotus-pipes, 'O Marsyas, thou didst tell false of thine invention, for this is he who carried off Athena's flutes out of

Phrygia; and if thou hadst blown then in such as his, Hyagnis would not have wept that strife by Maeander where the flute was vanquished.'

XXIII

VIOL AND FLUTE

THEOCRITUS

Wilt thou for the Muses' sake play me somewhat of sweet on thy twin flutes? and I lifting the harp will begin to make music on the strings; and Daphnis the neatherd will mingle enchantment with tuneable breath of the wax-bound pipe; and thus standing nigh within the fringed cavern mouth, let us rob sleep from Pan the lord of the goats.

XXIV

POPULAR SONGS

LUCILIUS

Eutychides, the writer of songs, is dead; flee, O you under earth! Eutychides is coming with his odes; he left instructions to burn along with him twelve lyres and twenty-five boxes of airs. Now the bitterness of death has come upon you; whither may one retreat in future, since Eutychides fills Hades too?

XXV

CALAMUS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I the reed was a useless plant; for out of me grow not figs nor apple nor grape-cluster; but man consecrated me in the mysteries of Helicon, piercing my

delicate lips and making me the channel of a narrow stream; and thenceforth, whenever I sip black drink, like one inspired I speak all words with this voiceless mouth.

XXVI

IN THE CLASSROOM

CALLIMACHUS

Simus son of Miccus, giving me to the Muses, asked for himself learning, and they, like Glaucus, gave a great gift for a little one; and I lean gaping up against this double letter of the Samian, a tragic Dionysus, listening to the little boys, while they repeat *Holy is the hair*, telling me my own dream.

XXVII

THE POOR SCHOLAR

ARISTON

O mice, if you are come after bread, go to another cupboard (for we live in a humble cottage) where you will feed daintily on rich cheese and dried raisins, and make an abundant supper off the scraps; but if you sharpen a tooth again on my books and come in with your graceless rioting, you shall repent it.

XXVIII

THE PHAEDO OF PLATO

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

If Plato did not write me, there were two Platos; I carry in me all the flowers of Socratic talk. But

Panactius concluded me to be spurious; yes, he who concluded the soul to be mortal will conclude me spurious as well.

XXIX

CLEOMBROTUS OF AMBRACIA

CALLIMACHUS

Saying, 'Farewell, O sun,' Cleombrotus of Ambracia leaped off a high wall to Hades, having seen no evil worthy of death, but only having read that one writing of Plato's on the soul.

XXX

THE DEAD SCHOLAR

CALLIMACHUS

One told me of thy fate, Heraclitus, and wrung me to tears, and I remembered how often both of us let the sun sink as we talked; but thou, methinks, O friend from Halicarnassus, art ashes long and long ago; yet thy nightingale-notes live, whereon Hades the ravisher of all things shall not lay his hand.

XXXI

ALEXANDRIANISM

CALLIMACHUS

I hate the cyclic poem, nor do I delight in a road that carries many hither and thither; I detest, too, a gadabout charmer, and I drink not from the fountain; I loathe everything popular.

XXXII

SPECIES AETERNITATIS

PTOLEMAEUS

I know that I am mortal and ephemeral; but when I scan the multitudinous circling spirals of the stars, no longer do I touch earth with my feet, but sit with Zeus himself, and take my fill of the ambrosial food of gods.

XXXIII

THE PASTORAL POETS

ARTEMIDORUS

The pastoral Muses, once scattered, now are all a single flock in a single fold.

XXXIV

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

ERINNA

From subtle hands came this drawing; O Master Prometheus, there are even men thine equals in skill; yea, whoso portrayed this maiden to the life, had he but added a voice, it were Agatharchis complete.

XXXV

ON A RELIEF OF EROS AND ANTEROS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Nemesis fashioned a winged Love contrary to winged Love, warding off bow with bow, that he

may be done by as he did; and, bold and fearless before, he sheds tears, having tasted of the bitter arrows, and spits thrice into his low-girt bosom. Ah, most wonderful! one will burn fire with fire: Love has set Love aflame.

XXXVI

ON A LOVE BREAKING THE THUNDERBOLT

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Lo, how winged Love breaks the winged thunderbolt, showing that he is a fire more mastering than fire.

XXXVII

ON A LOVE PLOUGHING

MOSCHUS

Laying down his torch and bow, malicious Love took the rod of an ox-driver, and wore a wallet over his shoulder; and coupling patient-necked bulls under his yoke, sowed the wheat-bearing furrow of Demeter; and spoke, looking up, to Zeus himself, 'Fill thou the corn-lands, lest I put thee, bull of Europa, under my plough.'

XXXVIII

ON A PAN PIPING

ARABIUS

One might surely have clearly heard Pan piping, so did the sculptor mingle breath with the form; but in despair at the sight of flying, unstaying Echo, he renounced the pipe's unavailing sound.

XXXIX

ON A STATUE OF THE ARMED VENUS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Pallas said, seeing Cytherea armed, 'O Cyprian, wilt thou that we go so to judgment?' and she, laughing softly, 'Why should I lift a shield in contest? if I conquer when naked, how will it be when I take arms?'

XL

ON THE CNIDIAN VENUS OF PRAXITELES

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

The Cyprian said when she saw the Cyprian of Cnidus, 'Alas! where did Praxiteles see me naked?'

XLI

ON A SLEEPING ARIADNE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Strangers, touch not the marble Ariadne, lest she even start up on the quest of Theseus.

XLII

ON A NIOBE BY PRAXITELES

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

From life the gods made me a stone; and from stone again Praxiteles wrought me into life.

XLIII

ON A PICTURE OF A FAUN

AGATHIAS

Untouched, O young Satyr, does thy reed utter a sound, or why leaning sideways dost thou put thine ear to the pipe? He laughs in silence; yet haply had he spoken a word, but was held in forgetfulness by delight; for the wax did not hinder, but of his own will he welcomed silence, with his whole mind turned intent on the pipe.

XLIV

ON THE HEIFER OF MYRON

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Ah thou wert not quick enough, Myron, in thy casting; but the bronze set before thou hadst cast in the soul.

XLV

ON A SLEEPING SATYR

PLATO

This Satyr Diodorus engraved not, but laid to rest; your touch will wake him; the silver is asleep.

XLVI

ON THE TEMPLE OF THE EPHESIAN ARTEMIS

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

My eyes have looked on the cliff-like wall of Babylon that chariots can run upon, and on the

Zeus by the Alpheus, and the high-hung gardens, and the giant statue of the Sun, and the vast toil of the towering pyramids and the huge monument of Mausolus; but when I saw the House of Artemis soaring into the clouds, it dimmed those others, and lo! except in heaven have the Sun's eyes never looked on its like.

XLVII

THE LIMIT OF ART

PARRHASIUS

This I say even though they who hear believe not; for I affirm that the clear limits of this art have been found under my hand, and the mark is fixed fast that cannot be exceeded, though nothing mortal is faultless.

V

RELIGION

I

WORSHIP IN SPRING (1)

THEAETETUS SCHOLASTICUS

Now at her fruitful birth-tide the fair green field flowers out in blowing roses; now on the boughs of the colonnaded cypresses the cicala, mad with music, lulls the binder of sheaves; and the careful mother-swallow, having fashioned houses under the eaves, gives lodging to her brood in the mud-plastered cells: and the sea slumbers, with zephyr-wooing calm spread clear over the broad ship-tracks, not breaking in squalls on the stern-posts, not vomiting foam upon the beaches. O sailor, burn by the altars the glittering round of a mullet or a cuttle-fish, or a vocal scarus, to Priapus, ruler of ocean and giver of anchorage; and so go fearlessly on thy seafaring to the bounds of the Ionian sea.

II

WORSHIP IN SPRING (2)

AGATHIAS

Ocean lies purple in calm; for no gale whitens the fretted waves with its ruffling breath, and no

longer is the sea shattered round the rocks and sucked back again down towards the deep. West winds breathe, and the swallow twitters over the straw-glued chamber that she has built. Be of good cheer, O skilled in seafaring, whether thou sail to the Syrtis or the Sicilian shingle: only by the altars of Priapus of the Anchorage burn a scarus or ruddy wrasse.

III

ZEUS OF THE FAIR WIND

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Let one call from the stern on Zeus of the Fair Wind for guide on his road, shaking out sail against the forestays; whether he runs to the Dark Eddies, where Poseidon rolls his curling wave along the sands, or whether he searches the homeward passage down the Aegean sea-plain, let him lay honey-cakes by this image, and so go his way; here Philon, son of Antipater, set up the ever-gracious god for pledge of fair and fortunate voyaging.

IV

THE HOLY CITY

MACEDONIUS

Beneath flowering Tmolus, by the stream of Maeonian Hermus, am I, Sardis, capital city of the Lydians. I was the first who bore witness for Zeus; for I would not betray the hidden child of our Rhea. I too was nurse of Bromius, and saw him amid the thunder-flash shining with broader radiance; and

first on our slopes the golden-haired god pressed the harvest of wine out of the breasts of the grape. All grace has been given me, and many a time has many an age found me envied by the happiest cities.

V

HERMES OF THE WAYS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Go and rest your limbs here for a little under the juniper, O wayfarers, by Hermes, Guardian of the Way, not in crowds, but those of you whose knees are tired with heavy toil and thirst, after traversing a long road; for there a breeze and a shady seat and the fountain under the rock will lull your toil-wearied limbs; and having so escaped the midday breath of the autumnal dogstar, pay his due honour to Hermes of the Ways.

VI

SACRED NURSERIES OF YOUTH

NICIAS

I, who inherit the tossing mountain-forests of steep Cyllene, stand here guarding the pleasant playing fields, Hermes, to whom boys often offer marjoram and hyacinths and fresh garlands of violets.

VII

PAN OF THE SEA-CLIFF

ARCHIAS

Me, Pan, the fishermen placed upon this holy cliff, Pan of the seashore, the watcher here over the

fair anchorages of the harbour; and I take care now of the baskets and again of the trawlers off this shore. Sail by, O stranger, and in requital of this good service of theirs I will send behind thee a gentle south wind.

VIII

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA

ARCHIAS

Small to see am I Priapus who inhabit this spit of shore opposite the Bithynian island, sharp-headed, footless, such an one as upon lonely beaches might be carved by the sons of toiling fishermen. But if any basket-fisher or angler call me to succour, I rush fleeter than the blast: I espy even the creatures that run under water: for truly the form of godhead is known from deeds, not from shape.

IX

THE GUARDIAN OF THE CHASE

SATYRUS

Whether thou goest on the hill with lime smeared over thy fowler's reed, or whether thou killest hares, call on Pan; Pan shows the dog the prints of the furry foot, Pan raises the stiff-jointed lime-twigs.

X

THE HUNTER GOD

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Fair fall thy chase, O hunter of hares, and thou fowler who comest pursuing the winged people

beneath this double hill; and cry thou to me, Pan, the guardian of the wood from my cliff; I join the chase with both dogs and reeds.

XI

FORTUNA PARVULORUM

PERSES

Even me the little god of small things if thou call upon in due season thou shalt find; but ask not for great things; since whatsoever a god of the commons can give to a labouring man, of this I, Tycho, have control.

XII

THE PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS

ADDAEUS

If thou pass by the hero (and he is called Philopregmon) who lies by the cross-roads in front of Potidaea, tell him to what work thou leadest thy feet; straightway will he, being by thee, make thy business easy.

XIII

SAVED BY FAITH

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

They call me the little one, and say I cannot go straight and fearless on a prosperous voyage like ships that sail out to sea; and I deny it not; I am a little boat, but to the sea all is equal; fortune, not

size, makes the difference. Let another have the advantage in rudders; for some put their confidence in this and some in that, but may my salvation be of God.

XIV

THE SERVICE OF GOD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Me Chelidon, priestess of Zeus, an aged woman well-skilled to make libation on the altars of the immortals, happy in my children, free from grief, the tomb holds; for with no shadow in their eyes the gods saw my piety.

XV

BEATI MUNDO CORDE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

He who enters the incense-filled temple must be holy; and holiness is to have a pure mind.

XVI

THE WATER OF PURITY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

With hallowed hands, with true mind and tongue, enter in, pure not by baths but in spirit; for the holy a sprinkling of water suffices; but a wicked man the whole ocean cannot wash in its floods.

XVII

THE GREAT MYSTERIES

CRINAGORAS

Though thy life be fixed in one seat, and thou sailest not the sea nor treadest the roads on dry land, yet by all means go to Attica that thou mayest see those great nights of the worship of Demeter; whereby thou shalt possess thy soul without care among the living, and lighter when thou must go to the place that awaiteth all.

VI

NATURE

I

THE GARDEN GOD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Call me not him who comes from Libanus, O stranger, who delights in the talk of young men love-making by night; I am small and a rustic, born of a neighbour-nymph, and all my business is the delver's labour; whence four garlands at the hands of the four Seasons crown me from the beloved fruitful garden.

II

PAN'S PIPING

ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

Breathe music, O Pan that goest on the mountains, with thy sweet lips, breathe delight into thy pastoral reed, pouring song from the musical pipe, and make the melody sound in tune with the choral words, and about thee to the pulse of the rhythm let the inspired feet of these water-nymphs keep falling free.

III

THE HIDDEN SPRING

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Drink not here, traveller, from this warm pool in the brook, full of mud stirred by the sheep at pasture; but going a very little way over the ridge where the heifers are grazing, there by yonder pastoral stone-pine thou wilt find bubbling through the fountained rock a spring colder than northern snow.

IV

THE MEADOW AT NOON

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Here fling thyself down on the grassy meadow, O traveller, and rest thy relaxed limbs from painful weariness; since here also, as thou listenest to the cicalas' tune, the stone-pine trembling in the wafts of west wind will lull thee, and the shepherd on the mountains piping at noon nigh the spring under a copse of leafy plane: so escaping the ardours of the autumnal dogstar thou wilt cross the height tomorrow; trust this good counsel that Pan gives thee.

V

BENEATH THE PINE

PLATO

Sit down by this high-foliaged voiceful pine that rustles her branches beneath the western breezes, and beside my chattering waters Pan's pipe shall bring drowsiness down on thy enchanted eyelids.

VI

WOOD-MUSIC

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Come and sit under my stone-pine that murmurs so honey-sweet as it bends to the soft western breeze; and lo this honey-dropping fountain, where I bring sweet sleep playing on my lonely reeds.

VII

THE PLANE-TREE ON HYMETTUS

HERMOCREON

Sit down, stranger, as thou passest by, under this shady plane, whose leaves flutter in the soft breath of the west wind, where Nicagoras consecrated me, the renowned Hermes son of Maia, protector of his orchard-close and cattle.

VIII

THE GARDEN OF PAN

PLATO

Let the shaggy cliff of the Dryads be silent, and the springs welling from the rock, and the many-mingled bleating of the ewes; for Pan himself makes music on his melodious pipe, running his supple lip over the joined reeds; and around him stand up to dance with glad feet the water-nymphs and the nymphs of the oakwood.

IX

THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE

MARIANUS

Here beneath the plane-trees, overborne by soft sleep, Love slumbered, giving his torch to the Nymphs' keeping; and the Nymphs said one to another, 'Why do we delay? and would that with this we might have quenched the fire in the heart of mortals.' But now, the torch having kindled even the waters, the amorous Nymphs pour hot water thence into the bathing pool.

X

ON THE LAWN

COMETAS

Dear Pan, abide here, drawing the pipe over thy lips, for thou wilt find Echo on these sunny greens.

XI

THE SINGING STONE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Remember me the singing stone, thou who passest by Nisaea; for when Alcathous was building his bastions, then Phoebus lifted on his shoulder a stone for the house, and laid down on me his Delphic harp; thenceforth I am lyre-voiced: strike me lightly with a little pebble, and carry away witness of my boast.

XII

THE WOODLAND WELL

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I the ever-flowing Clear Fount gush forth for by-passing wayfarers from the neighbouring dell; and on every side I am bordered well with planes and soft-bloomed laurels, and make coolness and shade to lie in. Therefore pass me not by in summer; rest by me in quiet, ridding thee of thirst and weariness.

XIII

ASLEEP IN THE WOOD

THEOCRITUS

Thou sleepest on the leaf-strewn floor, Daphnis, resting thy weary body; and the hunting-stakes are freshly set on the hills; and Pan pursues thee, and Priapus who binds the yellow-flowering ivy on his lovely head, passing side by side into the cave; but flee thou, flee, shaking off the dropping drowsiness of slumber.

XIV

THE ORCHARD-CORNER

ANYTE

I, Hermes, stand here by the windy orchard in the cross-ways nigh the grey sea-shore, giving rest on the way to wearied men; and the fountain wells forth cold stainless water.

XV

PASTORAL SOLITUDE

SATYRUS

Tongueless Echo along this pastoral slope makes answering music to the birds with repeating voice.

XVI

TO A BLACKBIRD SINGING

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

No longer now warble on the oak, no longer sing, O blackbird, sitting on the topmost spray; this tree is thine enemy; hasten where the vine rises in clustering shade of silvered leaves; on her bough rest the sole of thy foot, around her sing and pour the shrill music of thy mouth; for the oak carries mistletoe baleful to birds, but she the grape-cluster; and the Wine-god cherishes singers.

XVII

UNDER THE OAK

ANTIPHILUS

Lofty-hung boughs of the tall oak, a shadowy height over men that take shelter from the fierce heat, fair-foliaged, closer-roofing than tiles, houses of wood-pigeons, houses of crickets, O noontide branches, protect me likewise who lie beneath your tresses, fleeing from the sun's rays.

XVIII

THE RELEASE OF THE OX

ADDAEUS

The labouring ox, outworn with old age and labour of the furrow, Alcon did not lead to the butchering knife, reverencing it for its works; and loose in the deep meadow grass it rejoices with lowings over freedom from the plough.

XIX

THE SWALLOW AND THE GRASSHOPPER

EUENUS

Attic maid, honey-fed, chatterer, snatchest thou and bearest the chattering cricket for feast to thy unfledged young, thou chatterer the chatterer, thou winged the winged, thou summer guest the summer guest, and wilt not quickly cast it loose? for it is not right nor just that singers should perish by singers' mouths.

XX

THE COMPLAINT OF THE CICALA

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Why in merciless chase, shepherds, do you tear me the solitude-haunting cricket from the dewy sprays, me the roadside nightingale of the Nymphs, who at midday talk shrilly in the hills and the shady dells? Lo, here is the thrush and the blackbird, lo here such flocks of starlings, plunderers of the corn-field's riches; it is allowed to seize the ravagers of your fruits: destroy them: why grudge me my leaves and fresh dew?

XXI

THE LAMENT OF THE SWALLOW

PAMPHILUS

Why all day long, hapless maiden daughter of Pandion, soundest thou wailingly through thy twittering mouth? has longing come on thee for thy maidenhead, that Tereus of Thrace ravished from thee by dreadful violence?

XXII

THE SHEPHERD OF THE NYMPHS

MYRINUS

Thyrsis the reveller, the shepherd of the Nymphs' sheep, Thyrsis who pipes on the reed like Pan, having drunk at noon, sleeps under the shady pine, and Love himself has taken his crook and watches the flocks.

XXIII

THE SHRINE BY THE SEA (1)

MNASALCAS

Let us stand by the low shore of the spray-scattering deep, looking on the precinct of Cypris of the Sea, and the fountain overshadowed with poplars, from which the shrill kingfishers draw water with their bills.

XXIV

THE SHRINE BY THE SEA (2)

ANYTE

This is the Cyprian's ground, since it was her pleasure ever to look from land on the shining sea,

that she may give fulfilment of their voyage to sailors; and around the deep trembles, gazing on her bright image.

XXV

THE LIGHTHOUSE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

No longer dreading the rayless night-mist, sail towards me confidently, O seafarers; for all wanderers I light my far-shining torch, memorial of the labours of the Asclepiadae.

XXVI

SPRING ON THE COAST (1)

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Now is the season of sailing; for already the chattering swallow is come and the pleasant West wind; the meadows flower, and the sea, tossed up with waves and rough blasts, has sunk to silence. Weigh thine anchors and unloose thine hawsers, O mariner, and sail with all thy canvas set: this I Priapus of the harbour bid thee, O man, that thou mayest sail forth to all thy trafficking.

XXVII

SPRING ON THE COAST (2)

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Now is the season for a ship to run through the gurgling water, and no longer does the sea gloom, fretted with gusty squalls, and now the swallow

plasters her round houses under the rafters, and the soft leafage laughs in the meadows. Therefore wind up your soaked cables, O sailors, and weigh your sunken anchors from the harbours, and stretch the forestays to carry your well-woven sails. This I the son of Bromius bid you, Priapus of the anchorage.

XXVIII

GREEN SUMMER

NICAENETUS

I do not wish to feast down in the city, Philotherus, but in the country, delighting myself with the breath of the West wind; sufficient couch for me is a strewing of boughs under my side, for at hand is a bed of native willow and osier, the ancient garland of the Carians; then let wine be brought, and the delightful lyre of the Muses, that drinking at our will we may sing the renowned bride of Zeus, lady of our island.

XXIX

PALACE GARDENS

ARABIUS

I am filled with waters and gardens and groves and vineyards, and the joyousness of the bordering sea; and fisherman and farmer from different sides stretch forth to me the pleasant gifts of sea and land: and them who abide in me either a bird singing or the sweet cry of the ferrymen lulls to rest.

VII

THE FAMILY

I

THE HOUSE OF THE RIGHTEOUS

MACEDONIUS

Piety has raised this house from the first foundation even to the lofty roof; for Macedonius fashioned not his wealth by heaping up from the possessions of others with plundering sword, nor has any poor man here wept over his vain and profitless toil, being robbed of his most just hire; and as rest from labour is kept inviolate by the just man, so let the works of pious mortals endure.

II

THE GIRL'S CUP

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Aniceteia wets her golden lip in me; may I give her also the draught of bridal.

III

THE FLOWER UNBLOWN

PHILODEMUS

Not yet is thy summer unfolded from the bud, nor does the purple come upon thy grape-cluster

that puts out the first shoots of its maiden graces; but already the young Loves are whetting their fleet arrows, Lysidice, and the hidden fire is smouldering. Flee we, wretched lovers, ere yet the shaft is on the string; I prophesy a mighty conflagration soon.

IV

A ROSE IN WINTER

CRINAGORAS

Roses ere now bloomed in spring, but now in midwinter we have opened our crimson cups, smiling in delight on this thy birthday morning, that brings thee full nigh the bridal bed: better for us to be wreathed on the brows of so fair a wife than wait for the spring sun.

V

GOODBYE TO CHILDHOOD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Her tambourines and pretty ball, and the net that confined her hair, and her dolls and dolls' dresses, Timareta dedicates before her marriage to Artemis of Limnae, a maiden to a maiden, as is fit; do thou, daughter of Leto, laying thine hand over the girl Timareta, preserve her purely in her purity.

VI

THE SCHOOLBOY

EUPHORION

When Eudoxus shore his first lovely fleece of hair he gave its childish glory to Phoebus; instead of the

tress, O Far-Darter, may the lovely ivy from Acharnae be upon him as he waxes in growth.

VII

THE WIFE'S PRAYER

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Cythera of Bithynia dedicates me, the marble image of thy form, O Cyprian, with prayer: do thou impart in return thy great grace for this little one, as is thy wont; and concord with her husband satisfies her.

VIII

BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE

JOANNES BARBUCALLUS

To Persuasion and the Paphian, Hermophilas the neatherd, bridegroom of flower-chapleted Eurynome, dedicates a cream-cheese and combs from his hives; accept for her the cheese, for me the honey.

IX

THE BRIDE'S VIGIL

AGATHIAS

Never grow mould, O lamp, nor call up the rain, lest thou stop my bridegroom in his coming; alway thou art jealous of the Cyprian; yes, and when she betrothed Hero to Leander O my heart, leave the rest alone. Thou art the Fire-God's, and I believe that by vexing the Cyprian thou flatterest thy master's pangs.

X

HEAVEN ON EARTH

THEOCRITUS

This is not the common Cyprian; revere the goddess, and name her the Heavenly One, the dedication of holy Chrysogone in the house of Amphicles, with whom she had children and life together; and ever it was better with them year by year, who began with thy worship, O mistress; for mortals who serve the gods are the better off themselves.

XI

WEARY PARTING

MELEAGER

Well-freighted seafaring ships that sail the Strait of Helle, taking the fair North wind in your sails, if haply on the island shores of Cos you see Phanion gazing on the sparkling sea, carry this message, fair ships, that desire brings me, not a sailor but a wayfarer on my feet. For if you say this, carrying good news, straightway will Zeus of the Favouring Wind likewise breathe into your canvas.

XII

MOTHERHOOD

CALLIMACHUS

Again, O Ilithyia, come thou at Lycaenis' call, Lady of Birth, even thus with happy issue of travail;

whose offering now this is for a girl, but afterwards may thy fragrant temple hold another for a boy.

XIII

PAST PERIL

CALLIMACHUS

Thou knowest, Asclepius, that thou hast received payment of the debt that Aceson owed, having vowed it for his wife Demodice; yet if it be forgotten, and thou demand thy wages, this tablet says it will give testimony.

XIV

FATHER AND MOTHER

PHAEDIMUS

Artemis, to thee the son of Cichesias dedicates his shoes, and Themistodice the strait folds of her gown, because thou didst graciously hold thy two hands over her in childbed, coming, O our Lady, without thy bow. And do thou, O Artemis, grant yet to Leon to see his infant child a sturdy-limbed boy.

XV

HOUSEHOLD HAPPINESS

AGATHIAS

Callirhoë dedicates to the Paphian garlands, to Pallas a tress of hair, to Artemis her girdle; for she found a wooer to her heart and was given a stainless prime and bore male children.

XVI

GRACIOUS CHILDREN

THEAETETUS

Fair fall you, children; whose family are you? and what gracious name is given to so pretty things as you?—I am Nicanor, and my father is Aepioretus, and my mother Hegeso, and I am a Macedonian born.—And I am Phila, and this is my brother; and we both stand here fulfilling a vow of our parents.

XVII

THE UNBROKEN HOME

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Androtion built me, a burying-place for himself and his children and wife, but as yet I am the tomb of no one; so likewise may I remain for a long time; and if it must be, let me take to myself the eldest first.

XVIII

THE BROKEN HOME

BIANOR

I wept the doom of my Theionoë, but borne up by hopes of her child I wailed in lighter grief; and now a jealous fate has bereft me of the child also; alas, babe, I am cozened of even thee, all that was left me. Persephone, hearken thus much at a father's lamentation; lay the babe on the bosom of its dead mother.

XIX

SUNDERING

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Surely, methinks, when thou hadst set thy foot-print, Aretemias, from the boat upon Cocytus' shore, carrying in thy young hand thy baby just dead, the fair Dorian women had compassion in Hades, inquiring of thy fate; and thou, fretting thy cheeks with tears, didst utter that woeful word: 'O friends, having travailed of two children, I left one for my husband Euphron, and the other I bring to the dead.'

XX

NUNC DIMITTIS

JOANNES BARBUCALLUS

Gazing upon my husband as my last thread was spun, I praised the gods of death, and I praised the gods of marriage, those that I left my husband alive, and these that he was even such an one; may he remain, a father for the children who are his and mine.

XXI

LEFT ALONE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Marathonis laid Nicopolis in this stone, wetting the marble coffin with tears, but all to no avail; for what is there more than sorrow for the husband alone upon earth when his wife is gone?

XXII

EARTH'S FELICITY

CARPHYLLIDES

Find no fault as thou passest by my monument, O wayfarer; not even in death have I aught worthy of lamentation. I have left children's children; I had joy of one wife, who grew old along with me; I made marriage for three sons whose sons I often lulled asleep on my breast, and never moaned over the sickness or the death of any: who, shedding tears without sorrow over me, sent me to slumber the sweet sleep in the country of the holy.

VIII

BEAUTY

I

SUMMER NOON

MELEAGER

I saw Alexis at noon walking on the way, when summer was just cutting the tresses of the corn-fields; and double rays burned me; these of Love from the boy's eyes, and those from the sun. But those night allayed again, while these in dreams the phantom of a form kindled yet higher; and Sleep, the releaser of toil for others, brought toil upon me, fashioning the image of beauty in my soul, a breathing fire.

II

IN THE FIELD-PATH

RHIANUS

Surely, O Cleonicus, the lovely Graces met thee going along the narrow field path, and clasped thee close with their rose-like hands, O boy, and thou wert made all grace. Hail to thee from afar; but it

is not safe, O my dear, for the dry asphodel stalk to pass too near the fire.

III

THE NEW LOVE

MELEAGER

The Cyprian denies that she bore Love, seeing Antiochus among the youths, another Desire; then O you who are young, cherish the new Longing; for assuredly this boy is found a Love stronger than Love.

IV

CONTRA MUNDUM

CALLIMACHUS

Pour in and say again, 'Diocles'; nor does Acheloüs touch the cups consecrated to him; fair is the boy, O Acheloüs, exceeding fair; and if any one says no, let me be alone in my judgment of beauty.

V

THE KISS

PLATO

Kissing Agathon, I stayed my soul at my lips, while it rose, poor wretch, as fain to cross over.

VI

THE FLOWER OF COS

MELEAGER

Praxiteles the sculptor made a Parian image of Love, moulding the Cyprian's son; but now Love,

the most beautiful of the gods, imaging himself, has fashioned a breathing statue, Praxiteles, that the one among mortals and the other in heaven may have all love-charms in control, and at once on earth and among the immortals they may bear the sceptres of Desire. Most happy the sacred city of the Meropes, which nurtured as prince of her youth the god-born new Love.

VII

THE STAR-GAZER

PLATO

On the stars thou gazest, my Star; would I were heaven to look at thee with many eyes.

VIII

THE SUN OF TYRE

MELEAGER

Delicate, so help me Love, are the fosterlings of Tyre; but Myïscus blazes out and quenches them all as the sun the stars.

IX

THE LODESTAR

MELEAGER

On thee, Myïscus, the cables of my life are fastened; in thee is the very breath of my soul, what is left of it; for by thine eyes, O boy, that speak even to the deaf, and by thy shining brow, if thou ever dost cast

a clouded glance on me, I gaze on winter, and if thou lookest joyously, sweet spring bursts into bloom.

X

LAUREL AND HYACINTH

MELEAGER

O pastoral pipes, no longer sing of Daphnis on the mountains, to pleasure Pan the lord of the goats; neither do thou, O lyre interpretress of Phoebus, any more chant Hyacinthus chapleted with maiden laurel; for time was when Daphnis was delightful to the mountain-nymphs, and Hyacinthus to thee; but now let Dion hold the sceptre of the Desires.

XI

THE QUEST OF PAN

GLAUCUS

Nymphs, tell me true when I inquire if Daphnis passing by rested his white kids here.—Yes, yes, piping Pan, and carved in the bark of yonder poplar a letter to say to thee, 'Pan, Pan, come to Malea, to the Psophidian mount; I will be there.'—Farewell, Nymphs, I go.

XII

THE AUTUMN BOWER

MNASALCAS

Vine, that hastenest so to drop thy leaves to earth, fearest thou then the evening setting of the Pleiad?

abide for sweet sleep to fall on Antileon beneath thee, giving all grace to beauty until then.

XIII

AN ASH IN THE FIRE

MELEAGER

Now grey dawn is sweet; but sleepless in the doorway Damis swoons out all that is left of his breath, unhappy, having but seen Heraclitus; for he stood under the beams of his eyes as wax cast among the embers; yet arise, I pray thee, luckless Damis; even myself I wear Love's wound and shed tears over thy tears.

XIV

FAREWELL

MELEAGER

No longer will I, goat-foot Pan, live among the flocks, no longer inhabit the hill-tops: what is there sweet, what desirable on the mountains? Daphnis is dead, Daphnis who kindled the fire in my heart. I will dwell here in the city; let some other one array him for the chase: what was dear to Pan is dear to him no more.

IX

FATE AND CHANGE

I

THE FLOWER OF YOUTH

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

SWEET-BREATHED Isias, though thy sleep be tenfold spice, awake and take this garland in thy dear hands, which, blooming now, thou wilt see withering at day-break, the likeness of a maiden's prime.

II

THE MAIDEN'S POSY

RUFINUS

I send thee, Rhodocleia, this garland, which myself have twined of fair flowers beneath my hands; here is lily and rose-chalice and moist anemone, and soft narcissus and dark-glowing violet; garlanding thyself with these, cease to be high-minded; even as the garland thou also dost flower and fall.

III

WITHERED BLOSSOMS

STRATO

If thou boast in thy beauty, know that the rose too blooms, but quickly being withered, is cast on the dunghill; for blossom and beauty have the same time allotted to them, and both together envious time withers away.

IV

ROSE AND THORN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

The rose is at her prime a little while; which once past, thou wilt find, when thou seekest, no rose, but a thorn.

V

THE BIRD OF TIME

THYMOCLES

Thou rememberest haply, thou rememberest when I said to thee that holy word, 'The hour is the fairest, the hour the lightest-footed of things; the hour may not be overtaken by the swiftest bird in air.' Now lo! all thy blossoms are shed on the ground.

VI

THE END OF DESIRE

SECUNDUS

I who once was Laïs, an arrow in all men's hearts, no longer Laïs, am plainly to all the Nemesis of years.

Ay, by the Cyprian (and what is the Cyprian now to me but an oath to swear by?) not Laïs herself knows Laïs now.

VII

HOARDED BEAUTY

STRATO

If beauty grows old, share it before it be gone; and if it abides, why fear to give away what thou dost keep?

VIII

DUST AND ASHES

ASCLEPIADES

Thou hoardest thy maidenhood; and to what profit? for when thou art gone to Hades thou wilt not find a lover, O girl. Among the living are the Cyprian's pleasures; but in Acheron, O maiden, we shall lie bones and dust.

IX

TO-MORROW

MACEDONIUS

'To-morrow I will look on thee'—but that never comes for us, while the accustomed putting-off ever grows and grows. This is all thy kindness to my longing; but to others thou bearest other gifts, despising my faithful service. 'I will see thee at evening.' And what is the evening of a woman's life? old age full of a million wrinkles.

X

THE CASKET OF PANDORA

MACEDONIUS

I laugh as I look on the jar of Pandora, nor do I blame the woman, but the wings of the Blessings themselves; for they flutter through the sky over the abodes of all the earth, while they ought to have descended on the ground. But the woman behind the lid, with cheeks grown pallid, has lost the splendour of the beauties that she had, and now our life has missed both ways, because she grows old in it, and the jar is empty.

XI

COMING WINTER

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Now is autumn, Epicles, and out of the belt of Boötes the clear splendour of Arcturus has arisen; now the grape-clusters take thought of the sickle, and men thatch their cottages against winter; but thou hast neither warm fleecy cloak nor garment indoors, and thou wilt be shrivelled up with cold and curse the star.

XII

NEMESIS

MELEAGER

Thou saidst, by the Cyprian, what not even a god might, O greatly-daring spirit; Theron did not appear fair to thee; to thee Theron did not appear fair; nay, thou wouldst have it so: and thou wilt not quake

even before the flaming thunderbolt of Zeus. Wherefore lo! indignant Nemesis hath set thee forth to see, who wert once so voluble, for an example of rashness of tongue.

XIII

THE BLOODY WELL

APOLLONIDES

I the Clear Fount (for the Nymphs gave this surname to me beyond all other springs), since a robber slew men who were resting beside me and washed his bloodstained hand in my holy waters, have turned that sweet flow backward, and no longer gush out for wayfarers; for who any more will call me the Clear?

XIV

A STORY OF THE SEA

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Once on a time when a ship was shattered at sea, two men fell at strife fighting for one plank. Antagoras struck away Pisistratus; one could not blame him, for it was for his life; but Justice took cognisance. The other swam ashore; but him a dog-fish seized; surely the Avenger of the Fates rests not even in the watery deep.

XV

EMPTY HANDS

CALLIMACHUS

I know that my hands are empty of wealth; but by the Graces, O Menippus, tell me not my own

dream; it hurts me to hear evermore this bitter word: yes, my dear, this is the most unloving thing of all I have borne from thee.

XVI

LIGHT LOVE

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Thou wert loved when rich, Sosicrates, but being poor thou art loved no longer; what magic has hunger! and she who before called thee spice and darling Adonis, Menophila, now inquires thy name. Who and whence of men art thou? where is thy city? Surely thou art dull in learning this saying, that none is friend to him who has nothing.

XVII

FORTUNE'S PLAYTHING

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Not of good-will has fortune advanced thee; but that she may show her omnipotence even down to thee.

XVIII

TIME THE CONQUEROR

PLATO

Time carries all things; length of days knows how to change name and shape and nature and fortune.

XIX

MEMNON AND ACHILLES

ASCLEPIODOTUS

Know, O Thetis of the sea, that Memnon yet lives, and cries aloud, warmed by his mother's torch, in Egypt beneath Libyan hill-brows, where the running Nile severs fair-portalled Thebes; but Achilles, the insatiate of battle, utters no voice either on the Trojan plain or in Thessaly.

XX

CORINTH

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Where is thine admired beauty, Dorian Corinth, where thy crown of towers? where thy treasures of old, where the temples of the immortals, where the halls and where the wives of the Sisyphids, and the tens of thousands of thy people that were? for not even a trace, O most distressful one, is left of thee, and war has swept up together and clean devoured all; only we, the unravaged sea-nymphs, maidens of Ocean, abide, halcyons wailing for thy woes.

XXI

DELOS

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Would I were yet blown about by ever-shifting gales, rather than fixed for wandering Leto's childbed; I had not so bemoaned my desolation. Ah miserable me, how many Greek ships sail by me,

desert Delos, once so worshipful: late, but terrible, is Hera's vengeance laid on me thus for Leto's sake.

XXII

TROY

AGATHIAS

If thou art a Spartan born, O stranger, deride me not, for not to me only has Fortune accomplished this; and if of Asia, mourn not, for every city has bowed to the Dardanian sceptre of the Aeneadae. And though the jealous sword of enemies has emptied out Gods' precincts and walls and inhabitants, I am queen again; but do thou, O my child, fearless Rome, lay the yoke of thy law over Greece.

XXIII

MYCENAE (1)

ALPHEUS

Few of the native places of the heroes are in our eyes, and those yet left rise little above the plain; and such art thou, O hapless Mycenae, as I marked thee in passing by, more desolate than any hill pasture, a thing that goatherds point at; and an old man said, 'Here stood the Cyclopean city rich in gold.'

XXIV

MYCENAE (2)

POMPEIUS

Though I am but drifted desolate dust where once was Mycenae, though I am more obscure to see than

any chance rock, he who looks on the famed city of Ilus, whose wall I trod down and emptied all the house of Priam, will know thence how great my former strength was; and if old age has done me outrage, I am content with Homer's testimony.

XXV

AMPHIPOLIS

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

City built upon Strymon and the broad Hellespont, grave of Edonian Phyllis, Amphipolis, yet there remain left to thee the traces of the temple of her of Aethopion and Brauron, and the water of the river so often fought around; but thee, once the high strife of the sons of Aegeus, we see like a torn rag of sea-purple on either shore.

XXVI

SPARTA

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

O Lacedaemon, once unsubdued and untrodden, thou seest shadeless the smoke of Olenian camp-fires on the Eurotas, and the birds building their nests on the ground wail for thee, and the wolves do not hear any sheep.

XXVII

BERYTUS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Formerly the dead left their city living; but we living hold the city's funeral.

XXVIII

SED TERRAE GRAVIORA

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Me, a hull that had measured such spaces of sea, fire consumed on the land that cut her pines to make me. Ocean brought me safe to shore; but I found her who bore me more treacherous than the sea.

XXIX

YOUTH AND RICHES

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I was young, but poor; now in old age I am rich, alas, alone of all men pitiable in both, who then could enjoy when I had nothing, and now have when I cannot enjoy.

XXX

THE VINE'S REVENGE

EUENUS

Though thou eat me down to the root, yet still will I bear fruit enough to pour libation on thee, O goat, when thou art sacrificed.

XXXI

REVERSAL

PLATO

A man finding gold left a halter; but he who had left the gold, not finding it, knotted the halter he found.

XXXII

TENANTS AT WILL

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I was once the field of Achaemenides, now I am Menippus', and again I shall pass from another to another: for the former thought once that he owned me, and the latter thinks so now in his turn; and I belong to no man at all, but to Fortune.

XXXIII

PARTING COMPANY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Hope, and thou Fortune, a long farewell; I have found the haven; there is nothing more between me and you; make your sport of those who come after me.

XXXIV

FORTUNE'S MASTER

PALLADAS

No more is Hope or Fortune my concern, nor for what remains do I reck of their deceit; I have reached harbour. I am a poor man, but living in Freedom's company I turn my face away from wealth the scorner of poverty.

XXXV

BREAK OF DAY

JULIUS POLYAENUS

Hope evermore steals away life's period, till the last morning cuts short all those many businesses.

X

THE HUMAN COMEDY

I

PROLOGUE

STRATO

Seek not on my pages Priam at the altars nor Medea's and Niobe's woes, nor Itys in the hidden chambers, and the nightingales among the leaves; for of all these things former poets wrote abundantly; but, mingling with the blithe Graces, sweet Love and the Wine god; and grave looks become not them.

II

FLOWER O' THE ROSE

DIONYSIUS

You with the roses, you are fair as a rose; but what sell you? yourself, or your roses, or both together?

III

LOST DRINK

NICARCHUS

At the Hermaea, Aphrodisius, while lifting six gallons of wine for us, stumbled and dealt us great

woe. 'From wine also perished the Centaur,' and ah that we had too! but now it perished from us.

IV

THE VINTAGE-REVEL

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

To the must-drinking Satyrs and to Bacchus, planter of the vine, Heronax consecrated the first handfuls of his plantation, these three casks from three vineyards, filled with the first flow of the wine; from which we, having poured such libation as is meet to wine-crimsoned Bacchus and the Satyrs, will drink deeper than they.

V

SNOW IN SUMMER

SIMONIDES

With this once the sharp North Wind rushing from Thrace covered the flanks of Olympus, and nipped the spirits of thinly-clad men; then it was buried alive, clad in Pierian earth. Let a share of it be mingled for me; for it is not seemly to bear a tepid draught to a friend.

VI

A JUG OF WINE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Round-bellied, deftly-turned, one-eared, long-throated, high-necked, bubbling in thy narrow

mouth, blithe handmaiden of Bacchus and the Muses and Cytherea, sweetly laughing, delightful ministress of social banquets, why when I am sober are you in liquor, and when I am drunk, are you sober again? You wrong the good-fellowship of drinking.

VII

THE EMPTY JAR

ERATOSTHENES

Xenophon the wine-bibber dedicates an empty jar to thee, Bacchus; receive it graciously, for it is all he has.

VIII

ANGELORUM CHORI

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

I hold revel, regarding the golden choir of the stars at evening, nor do I spurn the dances of others; but garlanding my hair with flowers that drop their petals over me, I waken the melodious harp into passion with musical hands; and doing thus I lead a well-ordered life, for the order of the heavens too has its Lyre and Crown.

IX

SUMMER SAILING

ANTIPHILUS

Mine be a mattress on the poop, and the awnings over it sounding with the blows of the spray, and the fire forcing its way out of the hearth-stones, and a pot upon them with empty turmoil of bubbles; and let

me see the boy dressing the meat, and my table be a ship's plank covered with a cloth ; and a game of pitch and toss, and the boatswain's whistle : the other day I had such fortune, for I love common life.

X

L'ALLEGRO

JULIANUS AEGYPTIUS

All the ways of life are pleasant ; in the market-place are goodly companionships, and at home griefs are hidden ; the country brings pleasure, seafaring wealth, foreign lands knowledge. Marriages make a united house, and the unmarried life is never anxious ; a child is a bulwark to his father, the childless are far from fear ; youth knows the gift of valiance, white hairs of wisdom : therefore taking courage, live, and beget a family.

XI

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Six hours fit labour best : and those that follow, shown forth in letters, say to mortals, 'Live.'

XII

HOPE AND EXPERIENCE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Whoso has married once, and again seeks a second wedding, is a shipwrecked man who sails twice through a difficult gulf.

XIII

AN UNGROUNDED SCANDAL

LUCILIUS

Some say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair; which is the best black that can be bought in the market.

XIV

THE POPULAR SINGER

NICARCHUS

The night-raven's song is deadly: but when Demophilus sings, even the night-raven dies.

XV

THE FAULTLESS DANCER

PALLADAS

Snub-nosed Memphis danced Daphne and Niobe; Daphne like a stock, Niobe like a stone.

XVI

THE FORTUNATE PAINTER

LUCILIUS

Eutychus the portrait-painter got twenty sons, and never got one likeness, even among his children.

XVII

SLOW AND SURE

NICARCHUS

Charmus ran for the three miles in Arcadia with five others; surprising to say, he actually came in seventh.

When they were only six, perhaps you will say, how seventh? A friend of his went along in his great-coat crying, 'Keep it up, Charmus!' and so he arrives seventh; and if only he had had five more friends, Zoïlus, he would have come in twelfth.

XVIII

MARCUS THE RUNNER

LUCILIUS

Marcus once saw midnight out in the armed men's race, so that the race-course was all locked up, as the police all thought that he was one of the stone men in armour who stand there in honour of victors. Very well, it was opened next day, and then Marcus turned up, still short of the goal by the whole course.

XIX

HERMOGENES

LUCILIUS

Little Hermogenes, when he lets anything fall on the ground, has to drag it down to him with a hook at the end of a pole.

XX

PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING

LUCILIUS

Lean Gaius yesterday breathed his very last breath, and left nothing at all for burial, but, having passed down into Hades just as he was in life, flutters there the thinnest of the anatomies under earth; and his

kinsfolk lifted an empty bier on their shoulders, inscribing above it, 'This is Gaius' funeral.'

XXI

A LABOUR OF HERCULES

LUCILIUS

Tiny Macron was found asleep one summer day by a mouse, who pulled him by his tiny foot into its hole; but in the hole he strangled the mouse with his naked hands and cried, 'Father Zeus, thou hast a second Heracles.'

XXII

EROTION

LUCILIUS

Small Erotion while playing was carried aloft by a gnat, and cried, 'What can I do, Father Zeus, if thou dost claim me?'

XXIII

ARTEMIDORA

LUCILIUS

Fanning thin Artemidora in her sleep, Demetrius blew her clean out of the house.

XXIV

THE ATOMIC THEORY

LUCILIUS

Epicurus wrote that the whole universe consisted of atoms, thinking, Alcimus, that the atom was the least of things. But if Diophantus had lived then, he

would have written, 'consisted of Diophantus,' who is much more minute than even the atoms, or would have written that all other things indeed consist of atoms, but the atoms themselves of him.

XXV

CHAEREMON

LUCILIUS

Borne up by a slight breeze, Chaeremon floated through the clear air, far lighter than chaff, and probably would have gone spinning off through ether, but that he caught his feet in a spider's web, and dangled there on his back; there he hung five nights and days, and on the sixth came down by a strand of the web.

XXVI

GOD AND THE DOCTOR

NICARCHUS

Marcus the doctor called yesterday on the marble Zeus; though marble, and though Zeus, his funeral is to-day.

XXVII

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE ASTROLOGER

NICARCHUS

Diophantus the astrologer said that Hermogenes the physician had only nine months to live; and he laughingly replied, 'What Cronus may bring to pass in nine months do you consider; but I can make short work with you.' He spoke, and reaching out,

just touched him, and Diophantus, while forbidding another to hope, gasped out his own life.

XXVIII

A DEADLY DREAM

LUCILIUS

Diophantus, having seen Hermogenes the physician in sleep, never awoke again, though he wore an amulet.

XXIX

SIMON THE OCULIST

NICARCHUS

If you have an enemy, Dionysius, call not down upon him Isis nor Harpocrates, nor whatever god strikes men blind, but Simon; and you will know what God and what Simon can do.

XXX

SCIENTIFIC SURGERY

NICARCHUS

Agelaus killed Acestorides while operating; for, 'Poor man,' he said, 'he would have been lame for life.'

XXXI

THE WISE PROPHET

LUCILIUS

All the astrologers as from one mouth prophesied to my father that his brother would reach a great old

age; Hermocleides alone said he was fated to die early; and he said so, when we were mourning over his corpse indoors.

XXXII

SOOTHSAYING

NICARCHUS

Some one came inquiring of the prophet Olympicus whether he should sail to Rhodes, and how he should have a safe voyage; and the prophet replied, 'First have a new ship, and set sail not in winter but in summer; for if you do this you will travel there and back safely, unless a pirate should capture you at sea.'

XXXIII

A SCHOOL OF RHETORIC

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

All hail, seven pupils of Aristides the rhetorician, four walls and three benches.

XXXIV

THE LIBERAL ARTS

LUCILIUS

Pluto refuses to take in the dead orator Marcus, saying, 'Let one dog, Cerberus, suffice us here; but if you insist, declaim to Ixion and Melito the lyric poet and Tityus; for I have no worse evil than you, until Rufus the critic comes here to murder the language.'

XXXV

CROSS PURPOSES

NICARCHUS

A deaf man went to law with a deaf man, and the judge was a long way deafer than both. The one claimed that the other owed him five months' rent; and he replied that he had ground his corn by night; then the judge, looking down on them, said, 'Why quarrel? she is your mother; keep her between you.'

XXXVI

THE PATENT STOVE

NICARCHUS

You have bought a brass hot-water urn, Heliodorus, that is chillier than the North wind about Thrace; do not blow, do not labour, you but raise smoke in vain; it is a brass wine-cooler you have bought against summer.

XXXVII

THE WOODEN HORSE

LUCILIUS

You have a Thessalian horse, Erasistratus, but the drugs of all Thessaly cannot make him go, the real wooden horse, that, if Trojans and Greeks had all pulled together, would never have entered at the Scæan gate; set it up as an offering to some god, if you take my advice, and make gruel for your little children with its barley.

XXXVIII

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

LUCILIUS

Antiochus once set eyes on Lysimachus' cushion, and Lysimachus never set eyes on his cushion again.

XXXIX

CINYRAS THE CILICIAN

DEMODOCUS

All Cilicians are bad men; among the Cilicians there is one good man, Cinyras, and Cinyras is a Cilician.

XL

A GENERATION OF VIPERS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Keep clear of a cobra, a toad, a viper, and the Laodiceans; also of a mad dog, and of the Laodiceans once again.

XLI

THE LIFEBOAT

NICARCHUS

Philo had a boat, the Salvation, but not Zeus himself, I believe, can be safe in her; for she was salvation in name only, and those who got on

board her used either to go aground or to go underground.

XLII

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE

LUCILIUS

Asclepiades the miser saw a mouse in his house, and said, 'What do you want with me, my very dear mouse?' and the mouse, smiling sweetly, replied, 'Do not be afraid, my friend; we do not ask board from you, only lodging.'

XLIII

VEGETARIANISM

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

You were not alone in keeping your hands off live things; we do so too; who touches live food, Pythagoras? but we eat what has been boiled and roasted and pickled, and there is no life in it then.

XLIV

NICON'S NOSE

NICARCHUS

I see Nicon's beak of a nose, Menippus; it is evident he is still a long way off; but he will arrive if we wait patiently; for at the most he is not, I fancy, five stadia behind the nose. Here it is, you see, stepping forward; if we stand on a high mound we shall catch sight of him in person.

XLV

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER

ASCLEPIADES

Drink, Asclepiades; why these tears? what ails you? not of you only has the cruel Cyprian made her prey, nor for you only bitter Love whetted the arrows of his bow; why while yet alive lie you in the dust?

XLVI

THE WORLD'S REVENGE

LUCIAN

In a company where all were drunk, Acindynus must needs be sober; and so he seemed himself the one drunk man there.

XLVII

EPILOGUE

PHILODEMUS

I was in love once; who has not been? I have revelled; who is uninitiated in revels? nay, I was mad; at whose prompting but a god's? Let them go; for now the silver hair is fast replacing the black, a messenger of wisdom that comes with age. We too played when the time of playing was; and now that it is no longer, we will turn to worthier thoughts.

XI

DEATH

I

THE SPAN OF LIFE

MACEDONIUS

EARTH and Birth-Goddess, thou who didst bear me and thou who coverest, farewell; I have accomplished the course between you, and I go, not discerning whither I shall travel; for I know not either whose or who I am, or whence I came to you.

II

DUSTY DEATH

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Pay no offering of ointments or garlands on my stony tomb, nor make the fire blaze up; the expense is in vain. While I live be kind to me if thou wilt; but drenching my ashes with wine thou wilt make mire, and the dead man will not drink.

III

A CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

A little dust of earth suffices me; let another lie richly, weighed down by his extravagant tombstone, that grim weight over the dead, who will know me here in death as Alcander son of Calliteles.

IV

BENE MERENTI

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Dear Earth, take old Amyntichus to thy bosom, remembering his many labours on thee; for ever he planted in thee the olive-stock, and often made thee fair with vine-cuttings, and filled thee full of corn, and, drawing channels of water along, made thee rich with herbs and plenteous in fruit: do thou in return lie softly over his grey temples and flower into tresses of spring herbage.

V

PEACE IN THE END

DIONYSIUS

A gentler old age and no dulling disease quenched thee, and thou didst fall asleep in the slumber to which all must come, O Eratosthenes, after pondering over high matters; nor did Cyrene where thou sawest the light receive thee within the tomb of thy fathers, O son of Aglaus; yet dear even in a foreign

land art thou buried, here by the edge of the beach of Proteus.

VI

THE WITHERED VINE

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

'Even as a vine on her dry pole I support myself now on a staff, and death calls me to Hades. Be not obstinately deaf, O Gorgus; what is it the sweeter for thee if for three or four summers yet thou shalt warm thyself beneath the sun?' So saying the aged man quietly put his life aside, and removed his house to the greater company.

VII

ACCOMPLISHMENT

THEAETETUS

Delightful to men and yet more delightful to the Muses was Crantor, and did not live far into age: O earth, didst thou enfold the sacred man in death, or does he still live in gladness there?

VIII

LOCA PASTORUM DESERTA

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Naiads and chill cattle-pastures, tell to the bees when they come on their springtide way, that old Leucippus perished on a winter's night, setting snares

for scampering hares, and no longer is the tending of the hives dear to him; but the pastoral dells mourn sore for him who dwelt with the mountain peak for neighbour.

IX

THE OLD SHEPHERD

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Shepherds who pass over this ridge of hill pasturing your goats and fleecy sheep, pay to Clitagoras, in Earth's name, a small but kindly grace, for the sake of Persephone under ground; let sheep bleat by me, and on an unhewn stone the shepherd pipe softly to them as they feed, and in early spring let the countryman pluck the meadow flower to enwreathe my tomb with a garland, and let one make milk drip from a fruitful ewe, holding up her milking-udder, to wet the base of my tomb: there are returns for favours to dead men, there are, even among the departed.

X

THE DEAD FOWLER

MNASALCAS

Even here shall the holy bird rest his swift wing, sitting on this murmuring plane, since Poemander the Malian is dead and comes no more with bird-lime smeared on his fowling reeds.

XI

THE ANT BY THE THRESHING-FLOOR

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Here to thee by the threshing-floor, O toiling worker ant, I rear a memorial to thee of a thirsty clod, that even in death the corn-nurturing furrow of Demeter may lull thee as thou liest in thy rustic cell.

XII

THE TAME PARTRIDGE

SIMMIAS

No more along the shady woodland copse, O hunter partridge, dost thou send thy clear cry from thy mouth as thou decoyest thy speckled kinsfolk in their forest feeding-ground; for thou art gone on the final road of Acheron.

XIII

THE SILENT SINGING-BIRD

TYMNES

O bird beloved of the Graces, O rivalling the halcyons in likeness of thy note, thou art snatched away, dear warbler, and thy ways and thy sweet breath are held in the silent paths of night.

XIV

THE FIELDS OF PERSEPHONE

ARISTODICUS

No longer in the wealthy house of Alcis, O shrill grasshopper, shall the sun behold thee singing; for

now thou art flown to the meadows of Clymenus and the dewy flowers of golden Persephone.

XV

THE DISCONSOLATE SHEPHERD

THEOCRITUS

Ah thou poor Thyrsis, what profit is it if thou shalt waste away the apples of thy two eyes with tears in thy mourning? the kid is gone, the pretty young thing, is gone to Hades; for a savage wolf crunched her in his jaws; and the dogs bay; what profit is it, when of that lost one not a bone nor a cinder is left?

XVI

LAMPO THE HOUND

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Thirst slew hunter Lampo, Midas' dog, though he toiled hard for his life; for he dug with his paws in the moist flat, but the slow water made no haste out of her blind spring, and he fell in despair; then the water gushed out. Ah surely, Nymphs, you laid on Lampo your wrath for the slain deer.

XVII

STORM ON THE HILLS

DIOTIMUS

Unherded at evenfall the cattle came to the farmyard from the hill, snowed on with heavy snow; alas,

and Therimachus sleeps the long sleep beside an oak, stretched there by fire from heaven.

XVIII

A WET NIGHT

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I know not whether I shall complain of Dionysus or blame the rain of Zeus, but both are treacherous for feet. For the tomb holds Polyxenus, who returning once to the country from a feast, tumbled off the slippery slopes, and lies far from Aeolic Smyrna: therefore let one full of wine fear a rainy footpath in the dark.

XIX

FAR FROM HOME

TYMNES

Let not this be of too much moment to thee, O Philaenis, that thou hast not found thine allotted earth by the Nile, but this tomb holds thee in Eleutherne; for to comers from all places there is an equal way to Hades.

XX

DEATH AT SEA

SIMONIDES

Strange dust covers thy body, and the lot of death took thee, O Cleisthenes, wandering in the Euxine sea; and thou didst fail of sweet and dear homecoming, nor ever didst reach sea-girt Chios.

XXI

AT THE WORLD'S END

CRINAGORAS

Alas, why wander we, trusting in vain hopes and forgetting baneful death? this Seleucus was perfect in his words and ways, but, having enjoyed his youth but a little, among the utmost Iberians, so far and far away from Lesbos, he lies a stranger on unmapped shores.

XXII

IN LIMINE PORTUS

ANTIPHILUS

Already almost in touch of my native land, 'To-morrow,' I said, 'the wind that has set so long against me will abate'; not yet had the speech died on my lip, and the sea was even as Hades, and that light word broke me down. Beware of every speech with to-morrow in it; not even small things escape the Nemesis that avenges the tongue.

XXIII

DROWNED IN HARBOUR

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Not even when at anchor trust the baleful sea, O sailor, nor even if dry land hold thy cables; for Ion fell into the harbour, and at the plunge wine tied his quick sailor's hands. Beware of revelling on ship-board; the sea is enemy to Iacchus; this law the Tyrrhenians ordained.

XXIV

IN SOUND OF THE SEA

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Even in death shall the implacable sea vex me, Lysis hidden beneath a lonely rock, ever sounding harshly by my ear and alongside of my deaf tomb. Why, O fellow-men, have you made my dwelling by this that reft me of breath, me whom, not trading in my merchant-ship but sailing in a little rowing boat, it brought to shipwreck? and I, who sought my living out of the sea, out of the sea likewise drew my death.

XXV

THE EMPTY HOUSE

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Hapless Nicanor, doomed by the grey sea, thou liest then naked on a strange beach, or haply by the rocks, and those wealthy halls are perished from thee, and lost is the hope of all Tyre; nor did aught of thy treasures save thee; alas, pitiable one! thou didst perish, and all thy labour was for the fishes and the sea.

XXVI

THE SEA'S HARVEST

ISIDORUS AEGEATES

From my plot of land hope of the sea drew me Eteocles to be a merchant of foreign traffic, and I fared on the ridges of the Tyrrhene brine; but I sank with my ship, overwhelmed in its waters, under

the full weight of the gale: not the same is the wind that blows on the threshing-floor and on the canvas.

XXVII

THE SINKING OF THE PLEIAD

AUTOMEDON

O man, be sparing of life, neither go on sea-faring out of season; even so the life of man is not long. Miserable Cleonicus, yet thou didst hasten to come to fair Thasos, a merchantman out of hollow Syria, O merchant Cleonicus; but hard on the sinking of the Pleiad while thou journeyedst over the sea, as the Pleiad sank, so didst thou.

XXVIII

A RESTLESS GRAVE

ARCHIAS

Not even in death shall I Theris, tossed ship-wrecked upon land by the waves, forget the sleepless shores; for beneath the spray-beaten reefs, nigh the disastrous main, I found a grave at the hands of strangers, and for ever do I wretchedly hear roaring even among the dead the hated thunder of the sea.

XXIX

TELLURIS AMOR

CRINAGORAS

O happy shepherd, would that I too had shepherded on the mountain along this white grassy hill, making

the bleating flock move after the leader rams, rather than have dipped a ship's steering-rudders in the bitter brine: so I sank under the depths, and the East wind that swallowed me down cast me up again on this shore.

XXX

A GRAVE BY THE SEA

ASCLEPIADES

Keep eight cubits away from me, O rough sea, and billow and roar with all thy might; but if thou pullest down the grave of Eumares, thou wilt find nothing of value, but only bones and dust.

XXXI

AN EMPTY TOMB

CALLIMACHUS

Would that swift ships had never been, for we should not have bewailed Sopolis son of Diocleides; but now somewhere in the sea he drifts dead, and instead of him we pass by a name on an empty tomb.

XXXII

THE DAYS OF THE HALCYONS

APOLLONIDES

And when shall thy swirling passage be free from fear, say, O sea, if even in the days of the halcyons we must weep, of the halcyons for whom Ocean evermore stills his windless wave, that one might think dry land less trustworthy? but even when thou callest

thyself a gentle nurse and harmless to women in labour, thou didst drown Aristomenes with his freight.

XXXIII

A WINTER VOYAGE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Thee too, son of Cleanor, desire after thy native land destroyed, trusting to the wintry gust of the South; for the unsecured season entangled thee, and the wet waves washed away thy lovely youth.

XXXIV

THE DEAD CHILD

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Not yet were thy tresses cut, nor had the monthly courses of the moon driven a three-years' space, O poor Cleodicus, when thy mother Nicasis, clasping thy coffin, wailed long over thy lamented grave, and thy father Pericleitus; but by unknown Acheron thou shalt flower out the youth that never, never returns.

XXXV

THE LITTLE SISTER

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

This girl passed to Hades untimely, in her seventh year, before her many playmates, poor thing, pining for her baby brother, who at twenty months old tasted of loveless Death. Alas, ill-fated Peristeris, how near at hand God has set the sorest griefs to men.

XXXVI

PERSEPHONE'S PLAYTHING

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Hades inexorable and inflexible, why hast thou thus reft infant Callaeschrus of life? Surely the child will be a plaything in the palace of Persephone, but at home he has left bitter sorrows.

XXXVII

CHILDLESS AMONG WOMEN

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Ah wretched Anticles, and wretched I who have laid on the pyre in the flower of youth my only son, thee, child, who didst perish at eighteen years; and I weep, bewailing an orphaned old age: fain would I go to the shadowy house of Hades; neither is morn sweet to me, nor the beam of the swift sun. Ah wretched Anticles, struck down by fate, be thou healer of my sorrow, taking me with thee out of life.

XXXVIII

FATE'S PERSISTENCY

PHILIPPUS

I Philaenion who gave birth but for the pyre, I the woeful mother, I who had seen the threefold grave of my children, anchored my trust on another's pangs; for I surely hoped that he at least would live, whom I had not borne. So I, who once had fair children, brought up an adopted son; but God would not let me have even a second mother's grace; for

being called ours he perished, and now I am become a woe to the rest of mothers too.

XXXIX

ANTE DIEM

BIANOR

Ever insatiate Charon, why hast thou wantonly taken young Attalus? was he not thine, even if he had died old?

XL

UNFORGOTTEN

SIMONIDES

Protomachus said, as his father held him in his hands when he was breathing away his lovely youth, 'O son of Timenor, thou wilt never forget thy dear son, nor cease to long for his valour and his wisdom.'

XLI

THE BRIDECHAMBER

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Already the saffron-strewn bride-bed was spread within the golden wedding-chamber for the bride of Pitane, Cleinareta, and her guardians Demo and Nicippus hoped to light the torch flame held at stretch of arm and lifted in both hands, when sickness snatched her away yet a maiden, and drew her to the sea of Lethe; and her sorrowing companions knocked not on the bridal doors, but on their own smitten breasts in the clamour of death.

XLII

BRIDEGROOM DEATH

MELEAGER

Not marriage but Death for bridegroom did Clearista receive when she loosed the knot of her maidenhood: for but now at even the flutes sounded at the bride's portal, and the doors of the wedding-chamber were clashed; and at morn they cried the wail, and Hymenaeus put to silence changed into a voice of lamentation; and the same pine-brands flashed their torchlight before the bride-bed, and lit the dead on her downward way.

XLIII

THE YOUNG WIFE

JULIANUS AEGYPTIUS

In season the bride-chamber held thee, out of season the grave took thee, O Anastasia, flower of the blithe Graces; for thee a father, for thee a husband pours bitter tears; for thee haply even the ferryman of the dead weeps; for not a whole year didst thou accomplish beside thine husband, but at sixteen years old, alas! the tomb holds thee.

XLIV

SANCTISSIMA CONIUNX

CRINAGORAS

Unhappy, by what first word, by what second shall I name thee? unhappy! this word is true in every ill. Thou art gone, O gracious wife, who didst carry off

the palm in bloom of beauty and in bearing of soul; Prote wert thou truly called, for all else came second to those inimitable graces of thine.

XLV

SUNDERED HANDS

DAMAGETUS

This last word, O famous city of Phocaea, Theano spoke as she went down into the unharvested night: 'Woe's me unhappy; Apellichus, husband, what length, what length of sea dost thou cross on thine own ship! but nigh me stands my doom; would God I had but died with my hand clasped in thy dear hand.'

XLVI

UNDIVIDED

APOLLONIDES

Heliodorus went first, and Diogeneia the wife, not an hour's space after, followed her dear husband; and both, as they dwelt together, are buried under this slab, rejoicing in their common tomb even as in a bride-chamber.

XLVII

FIRST LOVE

MELEAGER

Tears I give to thee even below with earth between us, Heliodora, such relic of love as may pass to Hades, tears sorely wept; and on thy much-wailed tomb I

pour the libation of my longing, the memorial of my affection. Piteously, piteously, I Meleager make lamentation for thee, my dear, even among the dead, an idle gift to Acheron. Woe's me, where is my cherished flower? Hades plucked her, plucked her and marred the freshly-blown blossom with his dust. But I beseech thee, Earth that nurturest all, gently to clasp her, the all-lamented, O mother, to thy breast.

XLVIII

FIRST FRIENDSHIP

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Ah blessed one, dearest companion of the immortal Muses, fare thou well even in the house of Hades, Callimachus.

XLIX

STREWINGS FOR GRAVES

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

May flowers grow thick on thy newly-built tomb, not the dry bramble, not the evil weed, but violets and marjoram and wet narcissus, Vibius, and around thee may all be roses.

L

THE LIBERATOR

DAMASCIUS

Zosime, who was once a slave in body alone, for her body likewise has now found freedom.

LI

DIMITTE MORTUOS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

My name—Why this?—and my country—And to what end this?—and I am of illustrious race—Yea, if thou hadst been of the obscurest?—Having lived nobly I left life—If ignobly?—and I lie here now—Who art thou that sayest this, and to whom?

LII

MORS IMMORTALIS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I died, but I await thee; and thou too shalt await some one else: one Death receives all mortals alike.

LIII

THE LIGHT OF THE DEAD

PLATO

Morning Star that once didst shine among the living, now deceased thou shinest the Evening Star among the dead.

XII

LIFE

I

THE JOY OF YOUTH

RUFINUS

Let us bathe, Prodice, and garland ourselves, and drain unmixed wine, lifting larger cups; little is our life of gladness, then old age will stop the rest, and death is the end.

II

THE USE OF LIFE

NICARCHUS

Must I not die? what matters it to me whether I depart to Hades gouty or fleet of foot? for many will carry me; let me become lame, for hardly on their account need I ever cease from revelling.

III

VAIN RICHES

ANTIPHANES

Thou reckonest, poor wretch; but advancing time breeds white old age even as it does interest; and neither having drunk, nor bound a flower on thy

brows, nor ever known myrrh nor a delicate darling, thou shalt be dead, leaving thy great treasury in its wealth, out of those many coins carrying with thee but the one.

IV

MINIMUM CREDULA POSTERO

PALLADAS

All human must pay the debt of death, nor is there any mortal who knows whether he shall be alive to-morrow; learning this clearly, O man, make thee merry, keeping the wine-god close by thee for oblivion of death, and take thy pleasure with the Paphian while thou drawest thy ephemeral life; but all else give to Fortune's control.

V

DONEC HODIE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Drink and be merry; for what is to-morrow or what the future? no man knows. Run not, labour not; as thou canst, give, share, consume, be mortal-minded; to be alive and not to be alive are no way at all apart. All life is such, only the turn of the scale; if thou art beforehand, it is thine; and if thou diest, all is another's and thou hast nothing.

VI

REQUIESCE ANIMA

MIMNERMUS

Be young, dear my soul: soon will others be men, and I being dead shall be dark earth.

VII

ONE EVENT

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Five feet shalt thou possess as thou liest dead, nor shalt see the pleasant things of life nor the beams of the sun; then joyfully lift and drain the unmixed cup of wine, O Cincius, with thine arm clasped round thy lovely wife; and if philosophy say that thy mind is immortal, know that Cleanthes and Zeno went down to deep Hades.

VIII

THE PASSING OF YOUTH

APOLLONIDES

Thou slumberest, O comrade; but the cup itself cries to thee, 'Awake; do not make thy pleasure in the rehearsal of death.' Spare not, Diodorus, slipping greedily into wine, drink deep, even to the tottering of the knee. Time shall be when we shall not drink, long and long; nay, come, make haste; prudence already lays her hand on our temples.

IX

THE HIGHWAY TO DEATH

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Men skilled in the stars call me brief-fated; I am, but I care not, O Seleucus. There is one descent for all to Hades; and if ours comes quicker, the sooner shall we look on Minos. Let us drink; for surely

wine is a horse for the high-road, when foot-passengers take a by-path to Death.

X

BEFORE THE DELUGE

STRATO

Drink now and love, Damocrates, since not for ever shall we drink nor for ever hold fast our delight; let us crown our heads with garlands and perfume ourselves, before others bring these offerings to our graves. Now rather let my bones drink wine inside me; and when they are dead, let Deucalion's deluge sweep them away.

XI

FLEETING DAWN

ASCLEPIADES

Let us drink an unmixed draught of wine; dawn is an hand-breadth; are we waiting to see the bed-time lamp once again? Let us drink merrily; after no long time yet, O luckless one, we shall sleep through the long night.

XII

OUTRE-TOMBE

JULIANUS AEGYPTIUS

Often I sang this, and even out of the grave will I cry it: 'Drink, before you put on this raiment of dust.'

XIII

EARTH TO EARTH

ZONAS

Give me the sweet cup wrought of the earth from which I was born, and under which I shall lie dead.

XIV

THE COFFIN-MAKER

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I would have liked to be rich as Croesus of old was rich, and to be king of great Asia; but when I look on Nicanor the coffin-maker, and know for what he is making these flute-cases of his, sprinkling my flour and wetting it with my jug of wine, I sell all Asia for ointments and garlands.

XV

RETURNING SPRING

PHILODEMUS

Now is rose-time and peas are in season, and the heads of early cabbage, O Sosylus, and the milky maena, and fresh-curdled cheese and the soft-springing leaves of curled lettuces; and do we neither pace the foreland, nor climb to the outlook, as always, O Sosylus, we did before? for Antigenes and Bacchius too frolicked yesterday, and now to-day we bear them forth for burial.

XVI

A LIFE'S WANDERING

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Know ye the flowery fields of the Cappadocian nation? thence I was born of good parents: since I left them I have wandered to the sunset and the dawn; my name was Glaphyrus, and like my mind. I lived out my sixtieth year in perfect freedom; I know both the favour of Fortune and the bitterness of life.

XVII

ECCE MYSTERIUM

BIANOR

This man, inconsiderable, mean, yes, a slave, this man is loved, and is lord of another's soul.

XVIII

THE SHADOW OF LIFE

THEOGNIS

Fools and children are mankind to weep the dead, and not the flower of youth perishing.

XIX

THE HOUSE OF FAME

CALLIMACHUS

Theaetetus followed the pure way; and though this path leads not, O Bacchus, to thine ivy, the name of others shall be uttered by heralds but for a little while, and his wisdom by Hellas for ever.

XX

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Those who have left the sweet light I bewail no longer, but those who live ever in expectation of death.

XXI

PARTA QUIES

PALLADAS

Expectation of death is woeful grief, and this is the gain of a mortal when he perishes; weep not then for him who departs from life, for after death there is no other accident.

XXII

THE CLOSED ACCOUNT

PHILETAS

I weep not for thee, O dearest of friends; for thou knewest many fair things; and in turn God dealt thee thy lot of ill.

XXIII

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

PALLADAS

Life is a dangerous voyage; for tempest-tossed in it we often strike rocks more pitiably than ship-

wrecked men; and having Chance as pilot of life, we sail doubtfully as on the sea, some on a fair voyage, and others contrariwise; yet all alike we put into the one anchorage under earth.

XXIV

DAILY BIRTH

PALLADAS

Day by day we are born as night retires, no more possessing aught of our former life, estranged from our course of yesterday, and beginning to-day the life that remains. Do not then call thyself, old man, abundant in years; for to-day thou hast no share in what is gone.

XXV

THE LIMIT OF VISION

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Now we flourish as before others did and soon others will, whose children we shall never see.

XXVI

THE BREATH OF LIFE

PALLADAS

Breathing thin air in our nostrils we live and look on the torch of the sun, all we who live what is called life; and are as organs, receiving our spirits from quickening airs: and if one chokes that little breath

with his hand, he robs us of life, and brings us down to Hades. Thus being nothing we wax high in hardihood, feeding on air from a little breath.

XXVII

TWO ETERNITIES

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Infinite, O man, was the foretime until thou camest to thy dawn, and what remains is infinite on through Hades: what share is left for life but the bigness of a pinprick, and tinier than a pinprick if such there be? Little is thy life and afflicted; for not even so it is sweet, but more loathed than hateful death.

XXVIII

THE LORD OF LANDS

AMMIANUS

Though thou pass beyond thy landmarks far as the pillars of Heracles, the share of earth that is equal to all men awaits thee, and thou shalt lie even as Irus, having nothing more than thine obolus, mouldering into a land that at last is not thine.

XXIX

THE PRICE OF RICHES

PALLADAS

Thou art rich, and what of it in the end? as thou departest, dost thou drag thy riches with thee, pulling

them into the coffin? Thou gatherest riches at expense of time, and thou canst not heap up more exceeding measures of life.

XXX

THE DARKNESS OF DAWN

AMMIANUS

Morning by morning passes; then, while we heed not, suddenly the Dark One will be come, and, some by decaying, and some by parching, and some by swelling, will lead us all to the one pit.

XXXI

NIL EXPEDIT

PALLADAS

Naked I came on earth, and naked I depart under earth, and why do I vainly labour, seeing the naked end?

XXXII

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

LUCIAN

Mortal is what belongs to mortals, and all things pass by us; and if not, yet we pass by them.

XXXIII

THE SUM OF KNOWLEDGE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I was not, I came to be; I was, I am not: that is all; and who shall say more, will lie: I shall not be.

XXXIV

NIHILISM

GLYCON

All is laughter, and all is dust, and all is nothing; for out of unreason is all that is.

XXXV

NEPENTHE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

How was I born? whence am I? why did I come? to go again: how can I learn anything, knowing nothing? Being nothing, I was born; again I shall be as I was before; nothing and nothing-worth is the human race. Come then, serve to me the joyous fountain of Bacchus; for this is the drug counter-charming ills.

XXXVI

THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE

PALLADAS

We all are watched and fed for Death as a herd of swine butchered wantonly.

XXXVII

LACRIMAE RERUM

PALLADAS

Weeping I was born and having wept I die, and I found all my living amid many tears. O tearful, weak, pitiable race of men, dragged under earth and mouldering away!

XXXVIII

THE WORLD'S WORTH

AESOPUS

How might one escape thee, O life, without dying? for thy sorrows are numberless, and neither escape nor endurance is easy. For sweet indeed are thy beautiful things of nature, earth, sea, stars, the orbs of moon and sun; but all else fears and pains, and though one have a good thing befal him, there succeeds it an answering Nemesis.

XXXIX

PIS-ALLER

THEOGNIS

Of all things not to be born into the world is best, nor to see the beams of the keen sun; but being born, as swiftly as may be to pass the gates of Hades, and lie under a heavy heap of earth.

XL

THE SORROW OF LIFE

POSIDIPPUS

What path of life may one hold? In the market-place are strifes and hard dealings, in the house cares; in the country labour enough, and at sea terror; and abroad, if thou hast aught, fear, and if thou art in poverty, vexation. Art married? thou wilt not be without anxieties; unmarried? thy life is yet lonelier. Children are troubles; a childless life is a crippled one. Youth is foolish, and grey hairs again feeble. In the end, then, the choice is of one of these two, either never to be born, or, as soon as born, to die.

XLI

THE JOY OF LIFE

METRODORUS

Hold every path of life. In the market place are honours and prudent dealings, in the house rest; in the country the charm of nature, and at sea gain; and abroad, if thou hast aught, glory, and if thou art in poverty, thou alone knowest it. Art married? so will thine household be best; unmarried? thy life is yet lighter. Children are darlings; a childless life is an unanxious one. Youth is strong, and grey hairs again reverend. The choice is not, then, of one of the two, either never to be born or to die; for all things are good in life.

XLII

QUIETISM

PALLADAS

Why vainly, O man, dost thou labour and disturb everything when thou art slave to the lot of thy birth? Yield thyself to it, strive not with Heaven, and, accepting thy fortune, be content with quiet.

XLIII

EQUANIMITY

PALLADAS

If that which bears all things bears thee, bear thou and be borne; and if thou art indignant and vexest thyself, even so that which bears all things bears thee.

XLIV

THE RULES OF THE GAME

PALLADAS

All life is a stage and a game: either learn to play it, laying by seriousness, or bear its pains.

XLV

THE ONE HOPE

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

It is not living that has essential delight, but throwing away out of the breast cares that silver the temples. I would have wealth sufficient for me, and

the excess of maddening care for gold ever eats away the spirit; thus among men thou wilt find often death better than life, as poverty than wealth. Knowing this, do thou make straight the paths of thine heart, looking to the one hope, Wisdom.

XLVI

AMOR MYSTICUS

MARIANUS

Where is that backward-bent bow of thine, and the reeds that leap from thy hand and stick fast in mid-heart? where are thy wings? where thy grievous torch? and why carriest thou three crowns in thy hands, and wearest another on thy head?—I spring not from the common Cyprian, O stranger, I am not from earth, the offspring of sensual joy; but I light the torch of learning in pure human minds, and lead the soul upwards into heaven. And I twine crowns of the four virtues; whereof carrying these, one from each, I crown myself with the first, the crown of Wisdom.

XLVII

THE LAST WORD

PALLADAS

Thou talkest much, O man, and thou art laid in earth after a little; keep silence, and while thou yet livest, meditate on death.

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